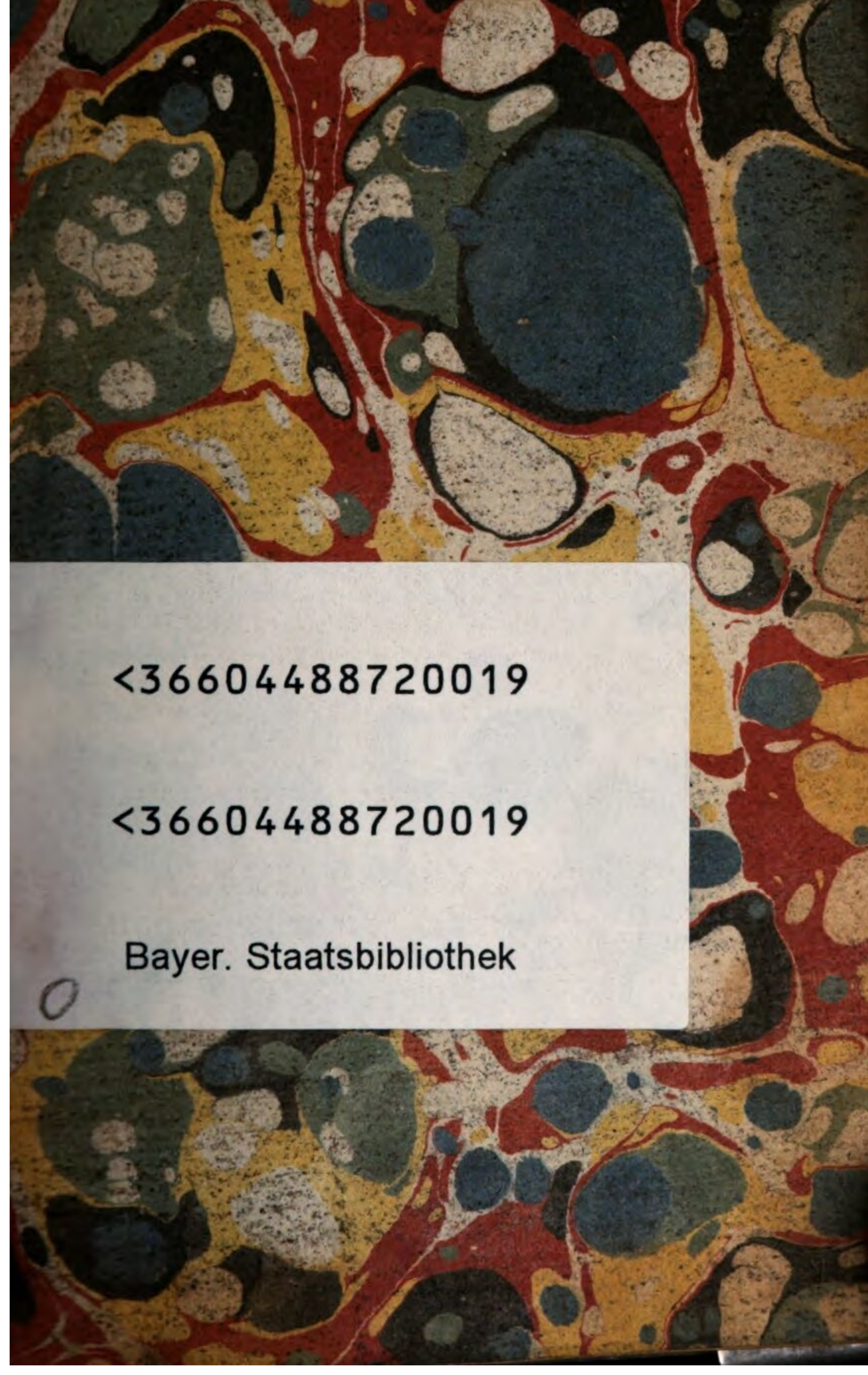


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to front Vol. 6.

WORKS

OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of St. *Patrick's*, *Dublin*.

VOL. VI.

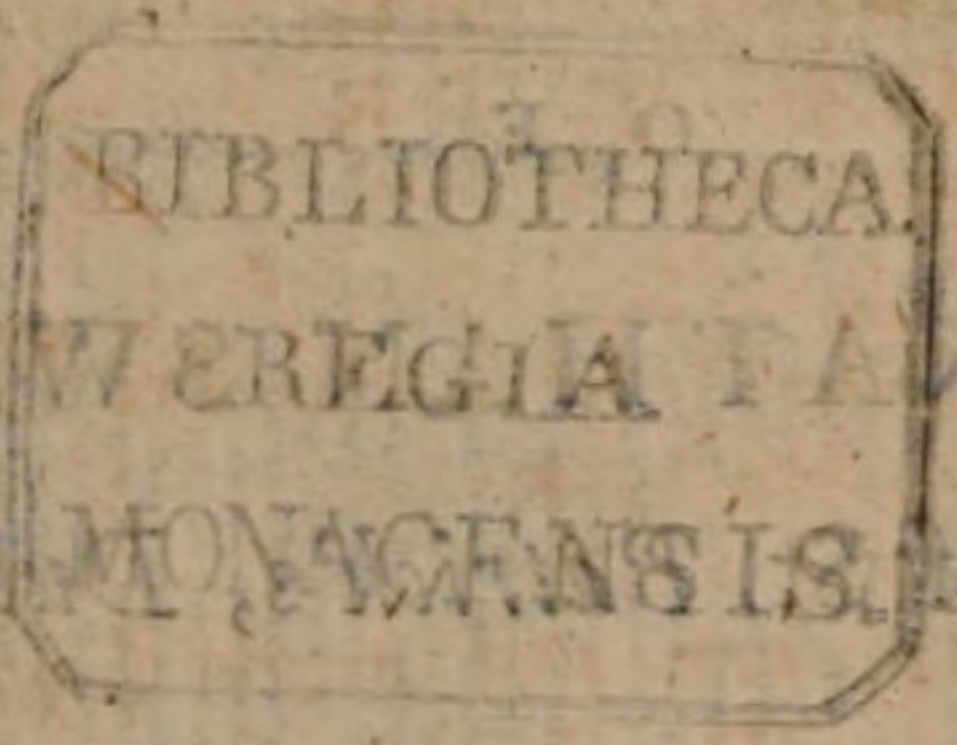
CONSISTING OF
MISCELLANIES
In VERSE.

By Dr. SWIFT, Dr. ARBUTHNOT,
Mr. POPE, and Mr. GAY.

LONDON:

Printed for C. BATHURST, in *Fleet-street*.

MDCCLXV.



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DE JONATHAN WILLIAMS

MONASTICUS

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Printed for C. Smith, in the Strand.

1787.

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Star are Dr. SWIFT's.

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MISCELLANIES

IN

VERSE.

N. B. Whatever Verses are not marked
with an Asterisk * in this Volume are
Dr. Swift's.

MISCELLANIES

IN

VERS

N. B. Whateley's notes are not printed
with an Alphabet in this Volume.
Dr. Gough's.

B

A N D
V A N E S S A.

Written, *Anno* 1713.

THE *shepherds* and the *nymphs* were seen
Pleading before the *Cyprian* queen.
The council for the * fair began,
Accusing the false creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That *Cupid* now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts Free-thinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforesaid (*with her leave*)
Were (*as he humbly did conceive*)

B 2

Against

* This poem is founded upon an offer of marriage made by a young lady to her preceptor: whether such an incident really happened, or what gave the poet occasion to suppose it, need not here be inquired: his principal design is to expose the faults and follies in both sexes, by which love is degraded, and marriage rendered subservient to sordid purposes.

Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant's* council rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t' other sex.

That modern love is no such thing,
As what those ancient poets sing;
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind,
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In diff'rent breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn:
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where-e'er caprice or folly steers.

A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play,
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From ev'ry trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads
Between their toylets and their beds.

In

In a dull stream, which moving flow,
You hardly see the current flow,
If a small breeze obstructs the course,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws:
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame:
The fault must on the *nymphs* be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witnesses ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That ev'ry article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew:—
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss.

The cause appear'd of so much weight,
That *Venus*, from her judgment-seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For, if the heav'nly folk should know
These pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could shew her face above;
For Gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that, which men despise.

Must strole in air 'twixt earth and sky;
Or else, shut out from heav'n and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
There live with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fish perpetual *lent*.

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The *Muses* by their king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the *Graces*:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.

The *Muses* oft were seen to frown;
The *Graces* half-asham'd look down;
And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.

The Goddesses soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree,
And said she must consult her books,
The *lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cooks*.

First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to *Ovid*, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place
In *Virgil* (*vide Dido's case*);

As for *Tibullus's* reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts;
For *Cowley's* briefs, and pleas of *Waller*,
Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day;

And

And to the end, and then a third;
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But with rejoinders and replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle *Clio*, sing or say,
What *Venus* meant by this delay.
The Goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Wou'd shew the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour *Lucina's* aid
Produc'd on earth a wond'rous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself:

Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame, that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This instant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where ev'ry virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells;
What preachers talk, or sages write:
These I will gather and unite,

Collected in that infant's mind.

This said, she plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs
A sprig of *amaranthine* flow'rs,
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in *Titan's* rays;
Then calls the *Graces* to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains;
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind;
Where not one careless thought intrudes
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush, because they understand.

The *Graces* next would act their part,
And shew'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "*Vanessa* be the name,
" By which thou shalt be known to fame;
" *Vanessa*, by the Gods enroll'd:
" Her name on earth—shall not be told."

But still the work was not compleat,
When *Venus* thought on a deceit:

Drawn

Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out *Pallas* in the skies:
Dear *Pallas*, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is *Apollo's* son:
But it shall ne'er be said a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely smiles,
Down from *Olympus* comes with joy,
Mistakes *Vanessa* for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit:
Her soul was suddenly endu'd
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand,
But *Pallas* here was at a stand;
She knew in our degen'rate days
Bare virtue could not live on praise;—
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
A tincture in the prudent maid:

Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, lest he should neglect her studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty Goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.

The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
To see *Vanessa* thus endow'd:
She doubted not but such a dame
Through ev'ry breast would dart a flame;
That ev'ry rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books
To study bright *Vanessa's* looks;
As she advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
Miss *Betty*, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
“ 'Tis what *Vanessa* never did.”
Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My pow'r shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign—
So *Venus* hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For, when in time the *martial* maid
Found out the trick that *Venus* play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And fir'd with indignation vows,

To.

To-morrow, e're the setting sun,
She'd all undo, that she had done.

But in the poets we may find,
A wholesome law time out of mind
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
That Gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have giv'n,
Or any brother-God in heav'n;
Which keeps the peace among the Gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And *Pallas*, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one, so much ador'd
For wisdom at *Jove's* council-board.
Besides she fear'd the queen of love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own;
Yet she would act as best became
A Goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She study'd well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not found,
From premisses erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treach'rous foe expects.

In proper season *Pallas* meets
The queen of love, whom thus she greets,
(For Gods, we are by *Homer* told,
Can in celestial language scold)

You form'd this project in your brain,
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit, and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me:
For how can heav'nly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of sense?
Nor shall *Vanessa* be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme:
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But using neither skill, nor force,
Leave all things to their nat'ral course.

The Goddess thus pronounc'd her doom:
When, lo! *Vanessa* in her bloom
'Advanc'd, like *Atalanta's* star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing from the books she read
What dang'rous paths young virgins tread:
Would seldom at the park appear,
Nor saw the play-house twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.

First issued from perfumers shops
A croud of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—You know who;

Men-

Mention'd a new *Italian*, come
Either from *Muscovy* or *Rome* ;
Gave hints of who and who's together :
Then fell to talking of the weather :
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine.
Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,
With nonsense ev'ry second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise ;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lyes,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn *Vanessa* sat,
Scarce list'ning to their idle chat ;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent ;
And said, she valu'd nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress ;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste ;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute :
That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense
By *Greeks* and *Romans* understood
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd ;
Then spoke with censure, or applause,
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws ;
Thro' nature and thro' art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd :

In

In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was upon the whole,
—That lady is the dullest soul—
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say—she wants it here;
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch.

A party next of glitt'ring dames,
From round the purlieus of *St. James*,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in deshabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest; where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held *Montaigne*, and read,
Whilst *mrs. Susan* comb'd her head:
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discourfing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves and lace;
Shew'd patterns just from *India* brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought;
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? *Vanessa* guess'd,
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
To scandal next—What awkward thing
Was that last *Sunday* in the ring?
I'm sorry *Mopsa* breaks so fast;
I said her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare;

Her

Her fondness for a certain earl
Began, when I was but a girl.
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the *Tunbridge* beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight.

They rally'd next *Vanessa's* dress :
That gown was made for old queen *Bess*.
Dear madam, let me see your head :
Don't you intend to put on red ?
A petticoat without a hoop !
Sure, you are not ashamed to stoop ;
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex ashamed,
The nymph stood silent out of spight,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She's not so handsome in my eyes :
For wit, I wonder where it lies.
She's fair and clean, and that's the most ;
But why proclaim her for a toast ?
A baby-face, no life, no airs,
But what she learnt at country fairs ;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich *Flanders* lace, and *Colberteen*.
I'll undertake, my little *Nancy*
In flounces hath a better fancy.
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place ;

Which

Can do, as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!* a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The *queen of beauty* lost her aim.
Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good:
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against *Vanessa's* pow'r unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspir'd;
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd:
So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste and wit,
She condescended to admit.
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that, wherein it most excell'd;
Thus making others wisdom known
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new;
She plac'd it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.

The

The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their aukward bow.
But this was for *Cadenus*' sake,
A gown-man of a diff'rent make;
Whom *Pallas*, once *Vanessa*'s tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But *Cupid*, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On *Pallas* all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows, on *Vanessa*'s heart to take
Due vengeance for her patron's sake.
Those early seeds by *Venus* sown,
In spite of *Pallas*, now were grown;
And *Cupid* hop'd, they wou'd improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On *Plutarch*'s morals struck, were spoil'd.

The queen of wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the fates decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by *Pallas* taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd.

Cupid,

Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires,
Among those venerable fires
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Carefs'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate:
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.

Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in secret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.

*Vanessa**,

Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase, she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd, and writ
For pastime, or to shew his wit.
But time, and books, and state-affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him stil'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,

Was

* The poet, having before shewed the cause of *Vanessa's* disappointment, here represents *Vanessa*, who was intended to animate every woman to imitation and inspire every man with love, as compelled to make advances to one, who had scarce sensibility enough to understand them.

In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought;
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain;
Said, she should be no longer teaz'd;
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grande-monde*,
And ev'ry shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;

A pro-

For nature must be nature still,
If he was bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters;
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could such notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own,
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes;
That common forms were not design'd
Directors * to a noble mind.

Now,

* *Vanessa*, conscious that her passion was virtuous, had no motive to conceal it: for "Virtue knows nothing that it dare not own." She therefore confessed it to *Cadenus*, contrary to the common

That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise.
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual stile:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place
Without distinguishing her face:
Much less cou'd his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indiff'rence met,
His person must contempt beget:
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?

Ap-

common forms, which require that the first address
should be made by the man. For common forms
are only for common minds; they only veil defects,
and are not necessary, where defects are not found.

The world must think him in the wrong ;
Would say, he made a treach'rous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce :
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid :
And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks ;
That, when *platonick* flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
So tender of the young and fair !
It shew'd a true paternal care —
Five thousand guineas in her purse !
The doctor might have fancy'd worse. —

Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd ev'ry word he spoke ;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans consequence*.
She rally'd well, he always knew ;
Her manner now was something new ;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest :
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lyes ;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought ;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a *bite*.

But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute,

She thought he had himself describ'd,
His doctrines when she first imbib'd:
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The genius's of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose *Cadenus* flourish'd then,
He must adore such god-like men.
If one short volume could comprize
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd, and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crouds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers ev'ry end,
The book, the author, and the friend:
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;

While

In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught *Vanessa* to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more :
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd :
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass :
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline ;
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite system to their mind,
In ev'ry point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event ;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize
Appears a hero in our eyes :
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
The nymph in sober words intreats
A truce with all sublime conceits :
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances ?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise ?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,

C

He

But, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail:
He never knew her judgment fail.
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools:
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when *Cadenus* could not hide,
He chose to justify, his pride;
When miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools can have his choice:
And oft' the dancing master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose *Vanessa's* flame;
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;

Wherein

Forbid *Cadenus* to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love's allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return ;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem ;
With that devotion we bestow,
When Goddesses appear below.

While thus *Cadenus* entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
Constr'ing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession in his breast ;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all ?
He has a forfeiture incurr'd ;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor ; and the pupil, he ;
Though she already can discern,
Her scholar is not apt to learn ;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach ;

Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success *Vanessa* met,
Is to the world * a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To like with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the bus'ness, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

Mean time the mournful *queen of love*
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by *Vanessa's* conduct wise:
For, though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent,
Though her design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And by the project vainly try'd
Could better now the *cause* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties
Coram regina prox' die Martis
Should at their peril without fail
Come and appear, and save their bail.

All

* The event of *Vanessa's* suit is judiciously omitted, as foreign to the plan and design of the poem.

One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;
And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor spend their time to shew their reading;
She'd have a summary proceeding:
She gather'd under ev'ry head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the *men*.

But, in a weighty case like this
To shew she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court;
Wherein she grievously complains,
“ How she was cheated by the swains ;”
On whose petition (humbly shewing
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)
“ She was at lord knows what expence
“ To form a nymph of wit and sence,
“ A model for her sex design'd,
“ Who never could one lover find.
“ She saw, her favour was misplac'd ;
“ The fellows had a wretched taste ;
“ She needs must tell them to their face,
“ They were a senseless, stupid race ;
“ And, were she to begin agen,
“ She'd study * to reform the *men* ;

C 3

“ Or

* As the *women* in their manners and dress imitate what the *men* approve, their faults and follies are
little

“ To put them on an equal foot ;
“ And this, or nothing else, would do’t.
“ This might their mutual fancy strike ;
“ Since ev’ry being loves its *like*.
“ But now, repenting what was done,
“ She left all bus’ness to her son ;
“ She puts the world in his possession,
“ And let him use it at discretion.”

The cry’r was order’d to dismiss
The court, so made his last *O yes !*
The Goddess would no longer wait ;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and sev’n,
Harness’d her doves, and flew to heav’n.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of OVID.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And strole about, but hide their quality,
To try good people’s hospitality.
It happen’d on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,

Disguis’d

little more than the consequences of the false taste
of their admirers, who cannot surely be urged by
a stronger motive to correct it,

To a small village down in *Kent*,
Where, in the stroller's canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last;
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood *Philemon*,
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable fire
Bid goody *Baucis* mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—What ar't!
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errant;
Good

We are but jakes, the hermits said;
No hurt shall come to you or yours;
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke; when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion flow'r.
The flyer, though't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side:

The

The jack would not be left alone ;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still its love to household cares
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat, which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
Fair *Rosamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The *Little Children in the Wood*,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter ;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The * heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load.
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews ;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The

* Of the twelve tribes of *Israel*, which in country churches are sometimes distinguished by the ensigns appropriated to them by *Jacob* on his death-bed.

The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em thanks in homely style ;
Then said, my house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine :
I'm old, and fain would live at ease ;
Make me the *parson*, if you please.

He spoke ; and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels ;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve ;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue ;
But, being old, continu'd just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of *tythes* and *dues* :
He smoak'd his pipe, and read the news ;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text :
At christ'nings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart ;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;
Against *dissenters* would repine,
And stood up firm for *right divine* ;
Found his head fill'd with many a system :
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen* ;

Her

her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black sattin flounc'd with lace.
Plain *goody* would no longer down;
'Twas *madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprize,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were sev'ral years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discourfing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance amidst their talk
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too —
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to *yew*s.

Old Goodman *Dobson* of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight;
On *Sundays*, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either *yew*;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew:
Till once a parson of our town
To mend his barn cut *Baucis* down;

At

At which 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF A
CITY SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the
hour

(By sure prognostics) when to dread a show'r.

While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.

Returning home at night, you'll find the sink

Strike your offended sense with double stink.

If you be wise, then go not far to dine;

You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in
wine.

A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,

Old aches throb, your hallow tooth will rage:

Saunt'ring in coffee-house is *Dulman* seen;

He damns the climate, and complains of *spleen*.

Mean while the South, rising with dabbled
wings,

A fable cloud athwart the welkin flings,

That

And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk *Susan* whips her linnen from the rope,
While the first drizzling show'r is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless
 quean

Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean :
You fly, invoke the Gods ; then turning, stop
To rail ; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And waisted with its foe by vi'lent gust,
* 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which
 was dust.

Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade ?
Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain.
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes
 down,

Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while ev'ry spout's a-
 broach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstrefs walks with hasty
 strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's
 sides.

Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.

D

Tri-

* 'Twas doubtful which was sea, and which was
sky.

Garth's D. sp.

Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by
fits;

And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when *Troy* chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with *Greeks* impatient to be freed,
(Those bully *Greeks*, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them thro')
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennele
flow,

And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and
smell.

They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From *Smithfield* or *St. 'Pulchre's* shape their
course,

And,

• This was written in the first year of the Earl of
Oxford's ministry.

† As *whig* and *twig* only differ by an aspiration
which is scarce to be distinguished, it may be thought
an exception to the dean's remarkable exactness,
that he has made them rhyme: but the same thing
was afterwards done by *Mr. Pope*, either upon the
dean's authority, or because he did not think it lia-
ble to objection:

A joke on *Jekyll* or some odd old *whig*,
Who never chang'd his principles or *twig*.

ridge,
Fall from the *conduit* prone to *Holborn-bridge*.
* Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung,
guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all
drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling
down the flood.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

MORN IN G.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney
coach

Appearing shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.

D 2

Now

* These three last lines were intended to ridicule the practice of modern poets, who make three lines rhyme together, which they call *Triplets*, and the last line two or more syllables longer than the rest, which they call an *Alexandrine*: these triplets and Alexandrines were brought in by *Dryden* and other poets in the reign of *Charles II*: they were merely the effects of haste, idleness, and want of money; and have been wholly avoided by the best poets, since these verses were written.

And softly stole to discompose her own :
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the
floor.

Now *Moll* had whirl'd her mob with dextrous
airs,

Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.

The youth * with broomy stumps began to
trace

The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn
the place.

The small-coal man was heard with cadence
deep,

Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-
sweep :

Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet ;

And brick-dust *Moll* had scream'd thro' half
the street.

The turnkey now his flock returning fees,

Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees :

The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,

And school-boys lag with satchels in their
hands.

* To find old nails.

H O R A C E,

HORACE, EPIST. VII. BOOK I.

Imitated, and Addressed to

THE EARL * OF OXFORD.

In the Year 1713 †.

HARLEY, the nation's great support, 1
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All Europe's bus'ness in his breast)
Observ'd a parson near Whitehall 5
Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.

1. *Strenuus et fortis, caussisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit ———*

5. *—— Conspexit, ut aiunt,
Adrasum quendam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.*

D 3

The

* Robert Harley, esq; three times speaker of the house of commons, once in king William's reign, and twice in queen Anne's: created baron Harley of Wigmore, earl of Oxford and earl Mortimer, the 24th of April 1711, and lord high treasurer of England, on the 29th of the said month.

† In this year the author was made dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. See an account of his first interview with mr. Harley, in his letter to dr. King, Oct. 10, 1710, Vol. XII.

The priest was pretty well in case,
And shew'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mein,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.

My lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest,
And bid friend *Lewis* * go in quest,
(This *Lewis* is a cunning shaver,
And very much in *Harley's* favour)
In quest, who might this *parson* be,
What was his name, of what degree,
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were *whig* or *tory*.

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was doctor *Swift*;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:

15. *Demetri, (puer hic non læve jussa Philippi
Accipiebat) abi, quære, et refer: Unde
domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo sit patre, quove pa-
trono?*

23, 25. *It, redit, et narrat, Volteium nomine
Mænam.*

No
* *Erasmus Lewis, esq;* private secretary to the
earl of Oxford.

No libertine, nor over-nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice,
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat :
 In state opinions *à la mode*, 35
 * He hated *Wharton* like a toad,
 Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
 And libell'd all the *junto* round ;
 Kept company with men of wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ : 40
 His works were hawk'd in every street,
 But seldom rose above a sheet :
 Of late indeed the paper *stamp*
 Did very much his genius cramp ;
 And, since he could not spend his fire, 45
 He now intended to retire,

Said *Harley*, I desire to know
 From his own mouth, if this be so ?
 Step to the doctor straight, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to-day. 50
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my lord had sent ;

31. — *Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,
 Et properare loco, et cessare, et quærere, et
 uti,
 Gaudentem —*

47. *Scitari libet ex ipso quodcunque refers. Dic
 Ad cœnam veniat. Non sane credere Mæna;
 Mirari secum tacitus.*

D 4

So

* Earl of *Wharton*, father to the duke of *Whar-*
ton who died in *France*.

But coldly said, your servant, *Mr.*
Does he refuse me? *Harley* cry'd : 55
He does, with insolence and pride.
Some few days after *Harley* spies
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At *Charing-cross* among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out : 60
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beck'ning the doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse : 65
He never meant the least abuse—
My lord—the honour you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
I'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect— 70
“ Well, I shall think of that no more,
“ If you'll be sure to come at *four*.”

54. *Benigne, Respondet.*

55. *Negat ille mihi?*

56. ——— *Negat improbus, et te*
Negligit, aut horret.

57. ——— *Volteium mane Philippus*
Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello
Occupat, et salvere jubet prior.

65. ——— *Ille Philippo*
Excusare laborem.———

71. ——— *Sic ignovisse putato*
Me tibi, si cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet.
Ergo

Post nonam venis———

The

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74. l
81.
87.

The doctor now obeys the summons,
 Likes both his company and commons;
 Displays his talent, sits till ten; 75
 Next day invited comes again;
 Soon grows domestic; seldom fails
 Either at morning, or at meals;
 Came early, and departed late:
 In short, the gudgeon took the bait. 80
 My lord would carry on the jest,
 And down to *Windsor* takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a *canon* there;
 In summer round the park to ride, 85
 In winter, never to reside.
 A *canon*! that's a place too mean;
 No, doctor, you shall be a *dean*;
 Two dozen *canons* round your stall,
 And you the tyrant o'er them all: 90
 You need but cross the *Irish seas*
 To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease.
 Poor *Swift* departs; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse;

74. *Ut ventum ad cœnam est, dicenda, tacenda
 locutus,*

*Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi sæpe
 Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
 Mane cliens, et jam certus conviva: —*

81. — *Jubetur*

*Rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
 Impositus mannis, ar-vum cœlumque Sabi-
 num*

Non cessat laudare.

87. — *Videt, ridetque Philippus:*

Travels at least an hundred leagues, 95
And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a *dean* compleat,
Devoutly lolling in his seat;
The silver virge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side: 100
Suppose him gone thro' all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits and tenths and chapter-treats,
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and — cheats
(The wicked laity's contriving 105
To hinder clergymen from thriving)
Now all the doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers spitefully combin'd
Force him to take his tythes in kind; 110
And * *Parvisol* discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs †.

Poor *Swift*, with all his losses vext,
Not knowing where to turn him next,

107. — *Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ;
Spem mentita seges, bos est eneclius arando;*

Above

* The dean's agent, a *Frenchman*.

† “ Upon his arrival in *Ireland* to take possession
“ of his deanery, the common people were taught to
“ look upon him as a *Jacobite*, and proceeded so far
“ as to throw stones and dirt at him, as he passed
“ through the streets: the chapter of *St. Patrick's*
“ thwarted him in every point he proposed, he was
“ avoided as a pestilence, he was opposed as an in-
“ vader.”

Orrery.

Above a thousand pounds in debt, 115
Takes horse, and, in a mighty fret,
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at *Harley's* gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old *Read* * would hardly let him in. 120

Said *Harley*, welcome, rev'rend dean;
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf 125
So much, that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye;
Or is your money out at use?—
Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce, 130
(The doctor in a passion cry'd,)
Your raillery is misapply'd;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But 'tis a folly to contest, 135
When you resolve to have your jest;

115. *Offensus damnis, media de nocte caballum
Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædes.*

121. *Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque
Philippus,
Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque vi-
deris
Esse mihi.*

136. *Quod te per genium, dextramque, deosque
penates
Obsecro, et obtestor, vitæ me redde priori.*

D 6

Then,

* The lord treasurer's porter.

Then, since you now have done your work,
Pray leave me where you found me first *.

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

Part of it imitated †

I OFTEN wish'd, that I had clear 1
For life six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras walk, and half a rood 5
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my store,
But should be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this side Trent, 10
Nor cross the *channel* twice a year
To spend six months with *statesmen* here.

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,*

*Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret.*

7. — *Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere.* —

I must

* In *England*, where he seems by this poem to solicit a settlement in the manner peculiar to himself.

† This poem was written about the same time with the preceding, and apparently with the same view.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 "Lewis, the dean will be of use ; 15
 "Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas,
 Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
 Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found ; 20
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
 "Good mr. dean, go change your gown,
 "Let my lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away, 25
 Not thinking it is levee-day ;
 And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green ;
 How should I thrust myself between ? 30
 Some wag observes me thus perplex't,
 And smiling whispers to the next,
 "I thought the dean had been too proud
 "To jostle here among a croud."
 Another in a surly fit 35
 Tells me, I have more zeal than wit ;

17. *Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma niva-
 lem*

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

35. *Quid vis, insane, et quas res agis? im-
 probus urget,*

*Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,
 Ad Mecænatem memori si mente recurras.*

Hoc juvat, et melli est, non mentiar. —

" So

“ You ne’er consider whom you shove,
“ But rudely press before a duke.”
I own, I’m pleas’d with this rebuke, 40
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn’d, 45
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my int’rest for a place—
An hundred other men’s affairs
Like bees are humming in my ears. 50

“ To-morrow my appeal comes on,
“ Without your help the cause is gone”——
The duke expects my lord and you
About some great affair at two——

“ Put my lord *Bolingbroke* in mind 55
“ To get my warrant quickly sign’d :

“ Consider, ’tis my first request,” ——
Be satisfy’d, I’ll do my best :——

Then presently he falls to teize,
“ You may for certain, if you please ; 60

“ I doubt not, if his lordship knew——

“ And, mr. *dean*, one word from you”——

’Tis (let me see) three years and more
(*October* next it will be four)

Since

44. —— *Aliena negotia centum
Per caput et circa saliunt latus.*

60. —— *Si vis, potes, addit et instat.*

63. *Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mecænas me cæpit habere suorum*

In

Since *Harley* bid me first attend, 65
And chose me for an humble friend ;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that ;
As, " What's o'clock ?" and, " how's the
wind ?"

" Whose chariot's that we left behind ?" 70
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country *signs* ;
Or, " have you nothing new to-day
" From *Pope*, from *Parnel*, or from *Gay* ?"
Such tattle often entertains 75
My lord and me as far as *Stains*,
As once a week we travel down
To *Windsor*, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at *Charing-cross*. 80

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well :
" How think you of our friend the *dean* ?
" I wonder what some people mean ;
" My lord and he are grown so great, 85
" Always together, *tête à tête*——
" What they admire him for his jokes——
" See but the fortune of some folks !"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court, 90

*In numero ; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere
rbedâ*

Kellet iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas.

81. ——— *Subiectior in diem et horam
Invidiæ.*

89. *Frigidus à rostris manat per compita rumor ;
Quicunque obuius est, me consulit.* I'm

And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
“ You, mr. *dean*, frequent the great ;
“ Inform us, will the *emp'ror* treat ?
“ Or, do the prints and papers lye ?” 95

Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
“ Ah ! doctor, how you love to jest !
“ 'Tis now no secret”—I protest
’Tis one to me.—“ Then tell us, pray,
“ When are the troops to have their pay ?” 100
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my *lord-mayor*,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tofs'd 105
My choicest hours of life are lost ;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat !
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book ! 110
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town !

101. *Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.*

108. *O rus, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque
licebit*

*Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et iner-
tibus horis*

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliuia vitæ ?

* T H E

* T H E
H A P P Y L I F E
O F A
C O U N T R Y P A R S O N.

In Imitation of MARTIAL.

P A R S O N, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing.
A wife that makes conserves ; a steed
That carries double when there's need ;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tytbe-pig, and mortuary guinea ;
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd ;
A large concordance, bound long since ;
Sermons to Charles the first, when prince ;
A chronicle of ancient standing ;
A Chrysostom to smoothe thy band in ;
The Polygott—three parts,—my text,—
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next,—
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,—
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife ;
On *Sundays* preach, and eat his fill ;
And fast on *Fridays*——if he will ;

Toast

Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at doctor Swift.

* A

TALE OF CHAUCER.

Lately found in an Old Manuscript.

WOMEN, though nat fans leacherie,
Ne fwinken but with secrecie :

This in our tale is plain y-fond,
Of clerk that wonneth in *Ireland* ;
Which to the fennes hath him betake
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway :
Ducke in his trowzes hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.

“ But oh ! our nephew, (crieth one)
“ Ho ! quoth another, couzen *John* ;”
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This sely clerk full low doth lout.

They asken that, and talken this,
“ Lo here is *coz*, and here is *miss*.”

But, as he gloz'd with speeches soote,
The ducke fore tickleth his erse roote :
Fore-piece and buttons all to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.

Te-he,

Te-he, cry'd ladies ; clerke nought ipake ;
Miss star'd ; and gray ducke crieth *quaake*.
“ O moder, moder, (quoth the daughter)
“ Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter ?
“ Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
“ Then trust on mon, whose yerde can *talke*.”

* THE ALLEY.

An Imitation of SPENCER.

I.

IN ev'ry town where *Thamis* rolls his tide
A narrow pass there is, with houses low ;
Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro :
There oft' are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller
squall :

How can ye, mothers, vex your children so ?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the
wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and
butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement here and there
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feed-
ing by ;

And

At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad
neighbourhood, I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl and hoarser-screaming
boy
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries:
The scolding quean to louder notes doth
rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries con-
found;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours
round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the
deep base are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt *Obloquy*, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at *Billingsgate* did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or
plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that
never cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpye chatters,
With *Envy* (spitting cat) dread foe to peace;
Like

And, vexing ev'ry wight, tears cloaths and
all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the
stall :

She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band ;
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all :
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would
call.

Whene'er she passed by a lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to
the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
And never did askance like modest virgin
look.

VI.

Such place hath *Deptford* navy-building town ;
Woolwich and *Wapping*, smelling strong of
pitch :

Such *Lambeth*, envy of each band and gown ;
And *Twick'nam* such, which fairer scenes
enrich,

Grots, statues, urns, and *J—n's dog* and
bitch :

Ne village is without, on either side,

All up the silver *Thames*, or all a-down ;

Ne *Richmond's* self, from whose tall front are
ey'd

Vales, spires, meandring streams, and *Wind-*
sor's tow'ry pride.

* T H E

To a Lady who father'd her Lampoons
upon her Acquaintance.

IN *Yorkshire* dwelt a sober yeoman,
Whose wife, a clean, pains-taking wo-
man,

Fed num'rous poultry in her pens,
And saw her cocks well serve her hens.

A hen she had, whose tuneful clocks
Drew after her a train of cocks ;
With eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
You would have sworn this hen a pheasant.
All the plum'd *beau-monde* round her gathers ;
Lord ! what a bristling up of feathers !
Morning from noon there was no knowing,
There was such flutt'ring, chuckling, crow-
ing :

Each forward bird must thrust his head in,
And not a cock but would be treading.

Yet tender was this hen so fair,
And hatch'd more chicks than she could rear.

Our prudent dame bethought her then
Of some dry nurse to save her hen :
She made a capon drunk ; in fine
He eat the sopps, she sipp'd the wine ;
His rump well pluck'd with nettles stings,
And claps the brood beneath his wings.

The feather'd dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to see what God had sent ;

Thinks

A foolish foster-father-mother.

Such, lady *Mary*, are your tricks ;
But, since you hatch, pray own your chicks ;
You should be better skill'd in nocks,
Nor like your capons serve your cocks.

V E R S E S

Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-Book.

PERUSE my leaves through ev'ry part,
And think thou see'st my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light ;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, *dear charming saint ;*
Beneath, *a new receipt for paint :*
Here in beau-spelling, *tru tel deth ;*
There in her own, *far an el breth :*
Here, *lovely nymph, pronounce my doom :*
There, *a safe way to use perfume :*
Here a page fill'd with billet-doux :
On t'other side, *laid out for shoes ;*
Madam, I die without your grace ;
Item, for half a yard of lace.
Who that had wit would place it here
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer ?
In pow'r of spittle, and a clout,
Whene'er he please to blot it out ;

And

Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead,

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION.

Written in the Year 1701.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices
of Ireland*.

*The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries.*

Humbly sheweth,

That I went to warm myself in lady Betty's
† chamber, because I was cold,
And I had in a purse seven pound, four shil-
lings, and six pence, besides farthings, in
money and gold:
So, because I had been buying things for my
lady last night,
I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it
was right.

Now

* Earl of Berkeley and earl of Galway.

† Lady Betty Berkeley.

Now you must know, because my trunk has
a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which God
knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle,
next to my smock.

So, when I went to put up my purse, as God
would have it, my smock was unript,
And, instead of putting it into my pocket,
down it slid :

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put
my *lady* to bed ;

And, God knows, I thought my money was
as safe as my maidenhead.

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket
feel very light :

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse,
Lord! I thought I should have sunk out-
right.

Lord! madam, says *Mary*, how d'ye do? in-
deed, says I, never worse :

But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have
done with my purse ?

Lord help me ! said *Mary*, I never stirr'd out
of this place :

Nay, said I, I had it in lady *Betty's* chamber,
that's a plain case.

So *Mary* got me to bed, and cover'd me up
warm :

However she stole away my garters, that I
might do myself no harm.

So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you
may very well think,

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept
a wink,

went and search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of mrs. *Dukes's* box ty'd in a
rag the money was found.

So next morning we told *Whittle**, and he fell
a swearing :

Then my dame *Wadgar* † came ; and she, you
know is thick of hearing :

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do
you know what a loss I have had ?

Nay, said she, my lord ‡ *Colway's* folks are
all very sad ;

For my lord § *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday*
without fail.

Pugh ! said I, but that's not the bus'ness that
I ail.

Says *Cary* ||, says he, I have been a servant
this five and twenty years, come spring,

And, in all the places I liv'd, I never heard
of such a thing.

Yes, says the *steward*, I remember, when I
was at my lady *Shrewsbury's*,

Such a thing as this happen'd just about the
time of *goosberries*.

So I went to the party suspected, and I found
her full of grief,

(Now you must know, of all things in the
world, I hate a thief)

How-

* Earl of *Berkeley's* valet.

† The old deaf housekeeper.

‡ *Galway*.

§ *Drogheda*, who with the primate was to suc-
ceed the two earls.

|| Clerk of the kitchen.

flily about :

Mrs. *Dukes* *, said I, here's an ugly accident
has happen'd out :

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of
a louse † ;

But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the
house.

'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and
six pence, makes a great hole in my wages :
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance
in these ages.

Now, mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every body
understands,

That, though 'tis hard to judge, yet money
can't go without hands.

The *devil* take me, said she, (blessing herself)
if ever I saw't !

So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as though I had
call'd her all to naught.

So you know, what could I say to her any
more ?

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was
before.

Well ; but then they would have had me gone
to the cunning man :

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain*
will be here anon.

So the *chaplain* ‡ came in. Now the servants
say he is my sweetheart.

Because he's always in my chamber, and I al-
ways take his part.

E 2

So,

* A servant, wife to one of the footmen.

† An usual saying of hers.

‡ The author.

Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when
a body's plunder'd?

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd
parson like the *devil*)

Truly, says he, mrs. *Nab*, it might become
you to be more civil:

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine*
says, d'ye see,

You are no *text* for my handling; so take
that from me:

I was never taken for a *conjuror* before, I'd
have you to know.

Lord! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I ne-
ver thought you so;

You know, I honour the cloth; I design to
be a *parson's* wife;

I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjuror* in
all my life.

With that, he twisted his girdle at me like a
rope, as who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so
went away.

Well: I thought I should have swoon'd, *Lord!*
said I, what shall I do?

I have lost my *money*, and shall lose my *true*
love too.

Then my *lord* call'd me: *Harry**, said my
lord, don't cry,

I'll give you something towards thy loss; and
says my *lady*, so will I.

Oh!

* A cant word of my lord and lady to mrs. *Har-*
ris.

Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, my chap-
lain won't *come to*?
For that, he said, (an't please your *excellen-
cies*) I must petition you.
The premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire
your *excellencies* protection,
And that I may have a share in next *Sunday's*
collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your
excellencies letter,
With an order for the *chaplain* afore said, or,
instead of him, a better:
And then your poor *petitioner* both night and
day,
Or the *chaplain*, (for 'tis his *trade*) as in duty
bound, shall ever *pray*.

*Lady BETTY BERKELEY, finding in the author's room some verses * unfinished, underwrit a stanza of her own with raillery upon him, which gave occasion to this Ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.*

Written in the Year 1703.

To the Tune of *The Cutpurse.*

I.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would needs shew his talent in
Latin;

But was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in:

Then all in the place

He left a void space,

And so went to bed in a desperate case:

When behold the next morning a wonderful
riddle!

He found it was strangely fill'd up in the
middle.

Chorus. *Let censuring critics then think
what they list on't;*

*Who would not write verses with
such an assistant?*

II. This

* These verses are called *A ballad on the game of traffic*, and may be found among the posthumous poetry, Vol. VII.

This put me the friar into an amazement :
 For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite,
 That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the
 casement ;
 And it must be one that could both read
 and write :

Yet he did not know
 If it were friend or foe,
 Or whether it came from above or below :
 Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of
 himself.

Cho. *Let censuring, etc.*

III.

Even so master doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a ballad, but was at a stand :
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of
 pains,
 When he found a new help from invisible
 hand.

Then, good doctor *Swift*,
 Pay thanks for the gift,
 For you freely must own you were at a dead
 lift :
 And though some malicious young spirit did
 do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven
 foot.

Cho. *Let censuring, etc.*

V A N.

VANBRUGH's HOUSE.

Built from the ruins of *Whitehall* that was
burnt.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse could draw a stone or beam,
That now would over-load a team :
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its diff'rent pow'r,
Heroic strains could build a tow'r ;
Sonnets, or elegies to *Chloris*,
Might raise a house about two stories ;
A lyric ode would slate ; a catch
Would tile ; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own, or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging *for a song* :
For *Jove* consider'd well the case,
Observ'd they grew a num'rous race ;
And, should they *build* as fast as *write*,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their element :
On earth the God of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade ;
Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With licence to *build castles* there :

And

To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say,
Sing muse, the house of poet *Van*,
In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *house* * gone to decay;
Or by *atchievements, arms, device*,
Erect a new one in a trice:
And, as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.

Great *Jove*! he cry'd, the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken *Thames*
Lament his old *Whitehall* in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise
Fit to invade or prop the skies.

Jove smil'd, and like a gentle God,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told *Van*, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So *Van* resolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies;
Takes a *French* play as lawful prize;

Steals

* House, Family.

Not once suspecting *Jove* would *smoke* ;
And (like a wag) sat down to write,
Would whisper to himself a *bite*.
Then from the motley, mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build *Babel* with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest :
Down from *Olympus*' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides :
Ay, thought the God, are these your tricks ?
Why then *old plays* deserve *old bricks* ;
And, since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging lent his aid ;
The experienc'd bricks that knew their trade.
(As being bricks at second hand)
Now move, and now in order stand.

The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit :
And first the prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep ; and so
A cellar next was dug below :
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts we may presume
Were spent in building each a room ;
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.

The

A place not decent here to name.

Now poets from all quarters ran
To see the house of brother *Van*,
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round ;
But no such house was to be found :

One asks the waterman hard by,
Where may the poet's palace lie ?

Another of the *Thames* enquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires ?

At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pye.

Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,

Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile, and builder *Van* :

Thrice happy poet ! who may'st trail
Thy house about thee like a snail ;

Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease

Take journies in it like a chaise ;

Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,

Can'st make it serve thee for a tilt.

Capacious house ! 'tis own'd by all,

Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small :

For every wit in *Britain's* isle

May lodge within thy spacious pile.

Like *Bacchus* thou, as poets feign,

Thy mother burnt, art born again,

Born, like a *Phœnix* from the flame ;

But neither *bulk* nor *shape* the same :

As animals of largest size

Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies ;

A type of *modern* wit and style,

The rubbish of an ancient pile :

From the dead ashes of a flow'r
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice:
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

WHEN mother *Clud* had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *miss* pick'd every painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture*:
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the *model* in his mind,

But, when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book;

Thought

I thought in such a manner now exactly kind,
And so resolv'd a *house* to build;
A *real house*, and *rooms*, and *stairs*,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than *miss's* by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards:
And so he did; for in a while
He built up such a monstrous pile
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at *Whitehall* it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew:
There all the little school-boys run,
Envyng to see themselves out-done.

From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become by due degrees
For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd
At court *Vitruvius* the *second*:
No wonder, since wise *authors* show
That *best foundations* must be *low*:
And now the *duke* * has wisely ta'en him
To be his *architect* at *Blenheim*.
But, raillery for once a-part,
If this rule holds in ev'ry art,
Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of batt'ring walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A *mouse-trap* man chief engineer.

F

T H E

* The duke of *Marlborough*.

T H E
VIRTUES OF SID HAMET

T H E
MAGICIAN'S ROD*.

Written in 1712.

THE *rod* was but a harmless wand,
While *Moses* held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.

Our great magician, *Hamet Sid*,
Reverses what the prophet did :
His *rod* was honest *English* wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp ;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist ;
But, when he *laid it down*, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.

So to her midnight feast the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch ;

But

* The staff of lord treasurer *Godolphin*, which, on the 29th of *May* 1711, was given to *Robert Harley*, earl of *Oxford*.

The peaceful state of common brooms.

They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain *magic rod*,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines * ;
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to shew the least respect :
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To bend where *golden mines* were hid ;
In *Scottish* hills found precious ore † ,
Where none e'er look'd for it before ;
And by a *gentle bow* divin'd
How well a *cully's* purse was lin'd ;
To a forlorn and broken *rake*,
Stood without motion, like a stake.

The *rod of Hermes* was renown'd
For charms above and under ground ;
To sleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed souls to *Styx*.
That *rod* was just a type of *Sid's*,
Which o'er a *British* senate's lids
Could scatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many *souls* to bell.

F 2

Sid's

* The *virgula divina*, or *divining-rod*, is described to be a forked branch of a hazel or willow, two feet and an half long : it is to be held in the palms of the hands with the single end elevated about eighty degrees ; and in this position is said to be attracted by minerals and springs, so as by a forcible inclination to direct where they are to be found.

† Supposed to allude to the union of the two kingdoms.

Which oft he us'd to fish withal;
A *plaise* was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of *gudgeons* took:
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his *fish*, and sav'd his *bait*.

Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
A circle with their *rod* describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *mischievous spirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *spirits* throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to *take them in*:
But, when th' enchanted *rod* was broke,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like *Sid*'s, but nothing near so good;
That down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line,
Thence, thro' a long descent of kings,
Came an heir-loom, as *Homer* sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That *sceptre* was a sapless twig,
Which from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As *Homer* tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs and golden fruit:
And he, the *dragon*, never sleeping,
Guarded each fair *Hesperian* pippin.

No *hobby-horse*, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in *Charles Mather's* shop*,
Or glitt'ring tinsel of *May-fair*,
Could with this rod of *Sid* compare.

Dear *Sid*, then why wer't thou so mad
To break thy *rod* like naughty lad?
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return'd it to *your mistress*;
Or made it a *Newmarket* switch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But, since old *Sid* has broken this,
His next may be a *rod in piss*.

A T L A S;

O R, T H E

MINISTER OF STATE.

T O T H E

LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

A TLAS, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,

F 3

Or,

* An eminent toyman in *Fleet-street*.

Desires a friend to lend a hand ;
So *Atlas*, lest the pond'rous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got *Hercules* to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest a while.

Yet *Hercules* was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.

Great statesmen are in this condition ;
And *Atlas* is a politician,
A *premier* minister of state ;
Alcides one of second rate.

Suppose then *Atlas* ne'er so wise,
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find *upholders*.

THE
DESCRIPTION
OF A
SALAMANDER,

Out of Pliny's Natural History, *Lib. 10.*
C. 67. and Lib. 29. C. 4.

AS mastiff dogs in modern phrase are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar* ;
As *pyes* and *daws* are often stil'd
With christian nick-names like a child ;

As

Without offence to human shape;
 So men have got from bird and brute
 Names that would best their nature suit.
 The *lion*, *eagle*, *fox*, and *boar*,
 Were heroes titles heretofore,
 Bestow'd as hi'roglyphics fit
 To shew their valour, strength, or wit:
 For what is understood by *fame*,
 Besides the getting of a *name*?
 But, e'er since men invented guns,
 A diff'rent way their fancy runs:
 To paint a hero, we inquire
 For something that will conquer *fire*.
 Would you describe *Turenne* * or *Trump* †?
 Think of a bucket or a pump.
 Are these too low?—then find out grander,
 Call my lord *Cuts* a *salamander* ‡.
 'Tis well;—but since we live among
 Detractors with an evil tongue,

F 4

Who

* The famous *mareschal Turenne*, general of the *French* forces, said to have been the greatest commander of the age.

† *Van Trump*, admiral of the States General in their last war with *England*, eminent for his courage and his victories.

‡ Lord *Cuts*. *Salamander* was a name given him by his flatterers, upon his having survived an engagement in which he stood an incessant fire for many hours. He is said frequently to have lamented himself in these terms, “G—d d—n my bl—d,
 “I’m the most unlucky dog upon earth; for I never engaged an enemy without being wounded,
 “nor a whore without being p—x’d.”

Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat, and shining train;
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend, and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
I've seen a *snake* in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the sky serene;
Then shrink into its hole again.

*All this we grant—why then look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander!*

Farther, we are by *Pliny* told,
This *serpent* is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spews a filthy froth
(Whether thro' rage, or love, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame :
And should some nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like *Charletan* cheap, or fam'd *Du-Ruel*,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects
Her tainted carcass to pursue,
As from the *salamander's* spue ;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.

*Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
If this be not a Salamander ?*

* T H E
E L E P H A N T ;
O R,
THE PARLIAMENT-MAN:

Written many Years since.

Taken from *Coke's Institutes*.

E'RE bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The precepts of lord *Coke* peruse :
Observe an *elephant*, says he,
And let like him your member be :

For elephants have none at all :
In *flocks* or *parties* he must keep ;
For elephants live just like sheep :
Stubborn in honour he must be ;
For elephants *ne'er bend the knee* :
Last, let his *memory* be found,
In which your elephant's profound.
That *old examples* from the wise
May prompt him in his No's and I's.

Thus the lord *Coke* hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyers wit ;
And then with *Latin*, and all that,
Shews the comparison is pat.

Yet in some points my lord is wrong :
One's *teeth* are sold, and t'other's *tongue* :
Now men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like *elephants of shows*,
Whose docile memory and sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence.
To get their master half a crown,
They spread their flag, or lay it down :
Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practise ev'ry pliant gesture,
Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry tester.
Siam, for elephants so fam'd,
Is not with *England* to be nam'd :
Their elephants by men are sold ;
Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

A N

A N
E L E G Y

O N T H E

Supposed Death of PARTRIDGE,
the Almanac-Maker*.

WELL; 'tis as *Bickerstaff* has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd;
E're he could prove the good 'squire ly'd.
Strange, an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky!
Not one of all his *crony* stars
To pay their duty at his herse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose, and gone to bed,
Just as if *Partridge* were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through *Aries*,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he'll cut th' *equator*,
As if there had been no such matter.

F 6

Some

* See an account of his death, which *Partridge*
averred to be false, and *Bickerstaff* defended as true,
Vol. III.

Some will have wonder & what analogy
There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *astrology*;
How *Partridge* made his *optics* rise
From a *shoe-sole* to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
That princes wear derives from them:
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *golden stars* and *rays*;
Which plainly shews the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets science*.

Besides, that flow-pac'd sign *Bootes*,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But *Partridge* ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it † *boots*.

The *horned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the *Romans* wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *shoeing-horns*,
Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
A near resemblance to the *spheres*.

A scrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the stars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* else but *leather*?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for *almanacs* or *shoes*.

Thus *Partridge* by his wit and parts
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boading owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are *leather*)

Steals

* *Partridge was a cobbler.* † *See his almanac.*

Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned *Partridge* could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the *spheres*,
And set the *planets* by the ears;
To shew his skill, he *Mars* could join
To *Venus* in *aspect* malign;
Then call in *Mercury* for aid,
And cure the wounds that *Venus* made.

Great scholars have in *Lucian* read,
When *Philip* king of *Greece* was dead,
His *soul* and *spirit* did divide,
And each part took a diff'rent side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

Thus *Partridge* still shines in each art,
The *cobling* and *star-gazing* part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the *Cæsars* are.

Triumphant star! some pity show
On *coblers* militant below,
Whom roguish boys in stormy nights
Torment by pissing out their lights,
Or thro' a chink convey their smoke
Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the *Bull* will lend his *hide*,
By *Phœbus* newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee the *Argo's* hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax:

Then

Her braided hair to make thee *ends* ;
The point of *Sagittarius*' dart
Turns to an *awl* by heav'nly art ;
And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room by *Virgo*'s side,
She'll strain a point, and sit * *astride*,
To take thee kindly in *between* ;
And then the *signs* will be *thirteen*.

THE EPITAPH.

HER E, *five feet deep*, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack ;
Who to the stars in pure good-will
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacs, or shoes :
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a week :
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I *darst* pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In phyfic, stolen-goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

* V E R -

* — Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, etc.

* V E R S E S

To be prefix'd before

BERNARD LINTOT's New Miscellany *.

SOME *Colinæus* † praise, some *Bleau* †,
Others account them but so so;
Some *Plantin* † to the rest prefer,
And some esteem *old Elzevir* †;
Others with *Aldus* † would besot us,
I, for my part, admire *Lintottus*. —
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own person, large and fair.
They print their names in letters small,
But *LINTOT* stands in capital:
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and stare you in the face.
Stephens prints *beathen Greek*, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read:
But all that comes from *Lintot's* hand,
Ev'n *Rawlinson* might understand.
Oft in an *Aldus*, or a *Plantin*,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of *Lintot's* books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read.

Their

* *Oxford and Cambridge miscellany*, 8vo.

† Printers famous for having published fine editions of the Bible, and of the *Greek and Roman classics*.

A new copy cost them not a penny
To *Homer*, *Virgil*, or to any ;
They ne'er gave *six pence* for *two lines*
To them, their heirs, or their assigns :
But *Lintot* is at vast expence,
And pays prodigious dear for — sense.
Their books are useful but to few,
A scholar, or a wit or two :
Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit ;
For some folks read, but all folks sh—.

* T O

MR. JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms !
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human-kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain !
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er since our grandame's evil ;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name ;
The blockhead is a slow-worm ;
The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The

The tops the painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen,
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore*! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou could'st make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O! learned friend of *Abchurch-lane*,
Who sett'st our intrails free!
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only can'st adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
* Ev'n *Button*'s wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

* V E R.

* *Button*'s coffee-house, in *Covent-Garden*, frequented by the wits of that time,

* V E R S E S

Occasioned by an *etc.* at the End of Mr.
D'Urfy's Name in the Title to one of his
 Plays †.

J O V E call'd before him, t'other day,
 The *vowels*, *U*, *O*, *I*, *E*, *A*;
 All *diphthongs*, and all *consonants*,
 Either of *England*, or of *France*;
 And all that were, or wish'd to be,
 Rank'd in the name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

Fierce is this cause; the letters spoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and *mutes* turn'd vocal.
 Those four proud syllables alone

Were silent, which, by fate's decree,
 Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one,

To the sweet name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

N, by whom names subsist, declar'd,
 To have no place in this was hard;

And *Q* maintain'd 'twas but his due
 Still to keep company with *U*;

So hop'd to stand no less than he

In the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

E shew'd, a *comma* ne'er could claim

A place in any *British* name;

Yet, making here a perfect botch,

Thrusts your poor vowel from his notch;

Hiatus

† This accident happened by Mr. *D'Urfy's* ha-
 ving made a flourish there, which the printer mis-
 took for an *etc.*

From which, good *Jupiter*, defend us !
 Sooner I'd quit my part in thee,
 Than be no part in *Tom D'Urfy*.
 P protested, puff'd, and swore,
 He'd not be serv'd so like a beast ;
 He was a piece of emperor,
 And made up half a pope at least.
 C vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd
 His double share in *Cæsar Caius*
 For only one in *Tom Durfeius*.
 I, consonant and vowel too,
 To *Jupiter* did humbly sue,
 That of his grace he would proclaim
Durfeius his true *Latin* name :
 For, though without them both 'twas clear
 Himself could ne'er be *Jupiter*,
 Yet they'd resign that post so high
 To be the genitive, *Durfei*.
 B and L swore b—— and w——s ;
 X and Z cry'd, p—x and z——s ;
 G swore by G—d, it ne'er should be ;
 And W would not lose, not he,
 An *English* letter's property
 In the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
 In short, the rest were all in fray,
 From *christ-cross* to *et cætera*.
 They, tho' but standers-by, too mutter'd ;
 Diphthongs and triphthongs swore and flutter'd,
 That none had so much right to be
 Part of the name of stuttering T—
 T—*Tom—a—as—De—D'Ur—fy—fy*.
 Then *Jove* thus spake : With care and pain
 We form'd this name, renown'd in rhyme :
 Nor

Cost studious *cabalists* more time.
Yet now, as then, you all declare,
Far hence to *Egypt* you'll repair,
And turn strange hi'roglyphics there,
Rather than letters longer be,
Unless i' th' name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

Were you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
To foreign letters could I say?
What if the *Hebrew* next should aim
To turn quite backward *D'Urfy's* name?
Should the *Greek* quarrel too, by *Styx*, I,
Could ne'er bring in *Psi* and *Xi*;
Omicron and *Omega* from us
Would each hope to be *O* in *Thomas*;
And all the ambitious vowels vie,
No less than *Pythagoric Y*,
To have a place in *Tom D'Urfy*.

Then, well-belov'd and trusty letters!
Cons'nants, and vowels much their betters,
We, willing to repair this breach,
And, all that in us lies, please each,
Et cæt'ra to our aid must call:
Et cæt'ra represents ye all:
Et cæt'ra therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

* PRO-

* A poet, who used to make verses ending with the last syllables of the names of those persons he praised; which *Voiture* turn'd against him in a poem of the same kind.

* P R O L O G U E

Design'd for Mr. D'URFY's last play.

GROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous
to discard

Your persevering, unexhausted bard :
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
Th' advent'rous lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the fair *against* her will:
Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who, in your own *despite*, has strove to please
ye.

He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.

You modern wits, should each man bring his
claim,

Have desperate debentures on your fame ;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to *Greece* and *Rome* were paid.
From his deep fund our author largely draws,
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.

Tho' plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reasons — to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song.

He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
Though *Tom* the poet writ with ease and plea-
sure,

The comic *Tom* abounds in other treasure.

Fame

But tis substantial happiness to eat.
Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

* P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

Three Hours after Marriage.

AUTHORS are judg'd by strange capricious rules ;

The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools :

Yet sure the best are most severely fated ;

For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.

Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor ;

But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war.

Why on all authors then should critics fall ?

Since some have writ, and shewn no wit at all.

Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it ;

Cry, " Damn not us, but damn the *French*

" who made it ;"

By running goods these graceless owlers gain ;

Theirs are the *rules of France*, the *plots of Spain* :

But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,

Dash'd by these rogues, turns *English* common draught.

They pall *Moliere's* and *Lopez's* sprightly strain,

And teach dull *Harlequins* to grin in vain.

Who dares most impudently not translate!
It had been civil, in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign
climes.

Spaniards and *French* abuse to the world's end;
But spare old *England*, lest you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to shew you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as *salesmen* clothes;
We take no measure of your fops and beaus;
But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves like chaps in *Monmouth-*
street.

Gallants! look here; this * *fool's cap* has an
air

Goodly and smart, with ears of *Iffachar*.
Let no one fool engross it, or confine
A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear.
Our author has it now, (for every wit
Of course resign'd it to the next that writ;)
And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly † thrown;
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

S A N-

* Shews a cap with ears.

† Flings down the cap, and exit.

O R, A

Proper New B A L L A D

O N T H E

New OVID's METAMORPHOSES,

As it was intended to be translated by Persons
of Quality.

Y E lords and commons, men of wit
And pleasure about town,
Read this, e're you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of *Latin* authors all!

Nor think your verses sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a *berlin* :

For not the desk with silver nails,

Nor *bureau* of expence,
Nor standish well japan'd, avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,

With faucer eyes of fire,
In woeful wise did fore affright
A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of *Phæbus*, hopeful youth,

Like puppy tame that uses
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the muses.

Ah!

And why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glitt'ring studs about;
Within the same did *Sandys* lurk,
Though *Ovid* lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the *sprite* so thin,
And from the key-hole bolted out
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff compos'd most duly,
This 'squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
While as the light burnt bluly.

Ho! master *Sam*, quoth *Sandys's* *sprite*,
Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To *Budgel* seek, or *Carey*.

I hear the beat of *Jacob's* drums,
Poor *Ovid* finds no quarter!
See first the merry *P——* comes
In haste, without his garter.

Then lords and lordlings, 'squires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
Garth at *St. James's*, and at *White's*,
Beats up for volunteers.

What *Fenton* will not do, nor *Gay*,
Nor *Congreve*, *Rowe*, nor *Stanyan*,

G

Tom

John Dunton, Steel, or any one.

If justice *Philips'* costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburfes ;
They shall like *Persian* tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses.

Let *Warwick's* muse with *Ash*——t join,
And *Ozel's* with Lord *Hervey's*,
Tickell and *Addison* combine,
And *Pope* translate with *Jervis*.

L—— himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with *F*—— in one accord,
And be like *Tate* and *Brady*.

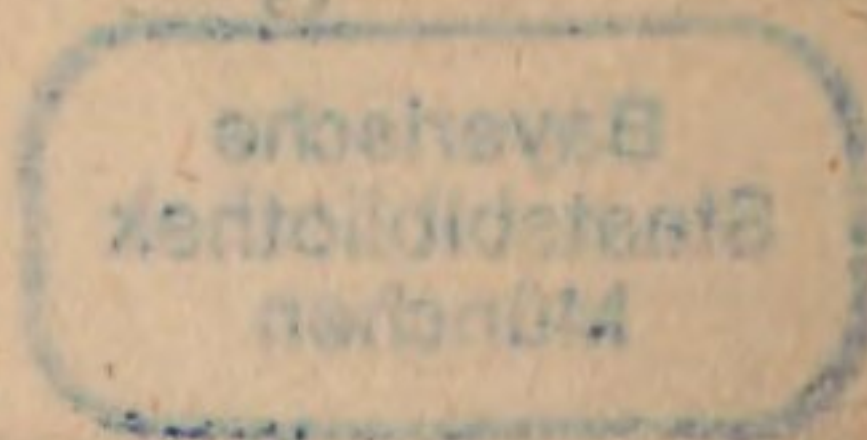
Ye ladies too, draw forth your pen ;
I pray, where can the hurt lie ?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness lady *Wortley*.

Now, *Tonson*, list thy forces all,
Review them, and tell noses :
For to poor *Ovid* shall befall
A strange *metamorphosis*.

A *metamorphosis* more strange
Than all his books can vapour ——
“ To what (quoth 'squire) shall *Ovid*
change ? ”

Quoth *Sandys*, To waste paper.

* U M B R A



* U M B R A.

CL O S E to the best-known author *Umbra*
fits,
The constant index to all *Button's* wits.
Who's here? cries *Umbra*: only *Johnson*—*Oh!*
Your slave, and *exit*, but returns with *Rowe*:
Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:
Ere long *Pope* enters, and to *Pope* he flies.
Then up comes *Steele*: he turns upon his *heel*,
And in a moment fastens upon *Steele*;
But cries as soon, dear *Dick*, *I must be gone*,
For, if I know his tread, here's *Addison*.
Says *Addison* to *Steele*, 'tis time to go:
Pope to the closet steps aside with *Rowe*.
Poor *Umbra*, left in this abandon'd pickle,
E'en sits him down, and writes to honest *Tickell*.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, sense like charity begins at home.

DUKE UPON DUKE.

An excellent new Ballad.

To the Tune of *Chevy-Chace*.

TO lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bow'r or hall:
Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,
That pride will have a fall.

Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel *John* duke of *Guise*,
And *Nic.* of *Lancastere*.

When *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And, if your a—se, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
At ev'ry turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes:
They fought from head to foot.

Of these the duke of *Lancastere*,
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver fate,
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With *Spanish* wool he dy'd his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God:
And, when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet

To *Guise*'s duke was he :
Was ever such a loving pair ?
How could they disagree ?

Oh ! thus it was : he lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him ;
And, having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill,
And thus he did indite :
“ This eve at whisk ourself will play,
“ Sir duke ! be here to-night.”

Ah no ! ah no ! the guileless *Guise*
Demurely did reply ;
I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
So sore the gout have I.

The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on ;
Lord ! lord ! how rattled then the stones,
O kingly *Kensington* !

All in a trice he rush'd on *Guise*,
Thrust out his lady dear ;
He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.

But mark, how 'midst of victory,
Fate plays her old dog trick !
Up leap'd duke *John*, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell duke *Nic*.

Alas, oh *Nic*. ! oh *Nic*. alas !
Right did thy gossip call thee :
As who should say, alas the day
When *John* of *Guise* shall maul thee !

And on that chair did sit;
And look'd, as if he meant therein
To do what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woeful duke!
Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d, instead of trope.

“ Lie there, thou caitiff vile! quoth *Guise*;

“ No *sheet* is here to save thee:

“ The casement it is shut likewise:

“ Beneath my feet I have thee.

“ If thou hast aught to speak, speak out.”

Then *Lancastere* did cry,

“ Knowest thou not me, nor yet thyself?

“ Who thou, and whom am I?

“ Know'st thou not me, who (God be prais'd)

“ Have brawl'd and quarrel'd more,

“ Then all the line of *Lancastre*,

“ That battled heretofore?

“ In senates fam'd for many a speech,

“ And (what some awe must give ye,

“ Tho' laid thus low beneath thy breech)

“ Still of the council privy;

“ Still of the *dutchy* chancellor;

“ *Durante life* I have it;

“ And turn, as now thou dust on me,

“ Mine a—e on them that gave it,”

But now the servants they rush'd in;

And duke *Nic.* up leap'd he:

I will not cope against such odds,

But, *Guise*, I'll fight with thee: To:

Under the greenwood tree ;
“ No, not to-morrow, but to-night
“ (*Quoth Guise*) I’ll fight with thee.”

And now the sun declining low
Bestreak’d with blood the skies ;
When, with his sword at saddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant *Guise*.

Full gently pranc’d he o’er the lawn ;
Oft’ roll’d his eyes around,
And from the stirrup stretch’d to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandish’d he the blade in air,
Long look’d the field all o’er ;
At length he spy’d the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold *Nicholas*
Did wave his wand so white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour so calm
Was *Lancastere* to see,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee :

And so he did—for to *New Court*
His rolling wheels did run :
Not that he shunn’d the doubtful strife ;
But *bus’ness* must be done.

Back in the dark, by *Brompton* park,
He turn’d up through the *Gore* ;
So slunk to *Camden* house so nigh,
All in his coach and four.

Mean

A fight it was to see,
Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,

"The day I meet him, *Nic.* shall rue
"The cudgel of that day.

"Mean time on every pissing-post

"Paste we this recreant's name,

"So that each pisser-by shall read

"And piss against the same."

Now God preserve our gracious king,

And grant, his nobles all

May learn this lesson from duke *Nic.*

That *pride will have a fall.*

* Fragment of a SATIRE.

IF meagre *Gildon* draws his venal quill,

I with the man a dinner, and sit still:

If dreadful *Dennis* raves in furious fret,

I'll answer *Dennis*, when I am in debt.

'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them
print;

And who'll wage war with *bedlam* or the
mint?

Should some more sober critics come abroad,

If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the rod.

Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;

And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.

Commas and *points* they set exactly right;

And 'twere a sin to rob them of their *mite*:

Yet

Let the creature spring or rather graze a more
balds,
From flashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*,
Who thinks he *reads*, when he but *scans* and
spells;

A word-catcher, that lives on syllables.
Yet ev'n this creature may some notice claim,
Wrapt round and sanctify'd with *Shakespear's*
name.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or
worms!

The *thing*, we know, is neither rich nor rare;
And wonder how the devil it got there.

Are others angry? I excuse them too:
Well may they rage; I give them *but* their
due.

Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can *gratify*? for who can *guess*?
The wretch * whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a *Persian* tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains six lines
a year;

In sense still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
† *Johnson*, who now to sense, now nonsense
leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a mean-
ing:

And

* *Philips*.

† Author of the *Victim*, and *Cobler of Preston*.

It is no poetry, but prose run mad :
Should modest satire bid all these *translate*,
And own that nine such poets make a *Tate* ;
How would they fume, and stamp, and roar,
and chafe !

How would they swear not *Congreve's* self
was safe !

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose
fires

Apollo kindled, and fair *fame* inspires ;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with
ease :

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the *Turk*, no brother near the
throne ;

View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assert with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike ;
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd ;
Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best ;
Like *Cato*, gives his *little senate* laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause ;
While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise——

What

* Verse of Dr. *Ev.*

What pity, heav'n! if such a man there be,
Who would not weep, if *Addison* were he!

* M A C E R.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high re-
nown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town;
'Twas all th' ambition his great soul could
feel,
To wear redstockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,
And in a borrow'd play out-did poor *Crown*.
There he stopt short, nor since has writ a tit-
tle,
But has the wit to make the most of little;
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have
got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
* Now he begs verse, and what he gets com-
mends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So some coarse country wench, almost de-
cay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns chamber-
maid:

Aukward

* He requested by public advertisements the aid of
the ingenious to make up a miscellany in 1713.

She flatters her good lady twice a day ;
Thought wond'rous honest, though of mean
degree,
And strangely lik'd for her *simplicity* :
In a translated suit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her
own ;
But just endur'd the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing's left, but wither'd pale and
shrunken
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

* S Y L V I A,

A F R A G M E N T.

S Y L V I A my heart is wond'rous wise a-
larm'd,
Aw'd without sense, and without beauty
charm'd :
But some odd graces and fine flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad :
Her tongue still run on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise :
Good-nature, she declar'd it, was her scorn,
Tho' 'twas by that alone she could be born :
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name ;
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame :

Now

Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for *D——y* at a ball:
Now deep in *Taylor*, and the *book of martyrs*,
Now drinking citron with his *Grace* and
Chartres.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure
take;

But every woman's in her soul a rake.
Frail, fev'rish sex! their fit now chills, now
burns:

Atheism and superstition rule by turns;
And the mere heathen in her carnal part
Is still a sad good christian at her heart.

* ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH *Artemisia* talks by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*:
Yet in some things, methinks, she fails;
'Twere well, if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as *High-Dutch* bride;
Such nastiness, and so much pride,

Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)

On any part, except her face;

All white and black beside;

H

Dauntless

Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.
So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpye height,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

* P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free-port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' *Italian* or the *Dutch*,
Spaniard or *French* came to her,
To all obliging she'd appear;
'Twas *si signior*, 'twas *yaw mynheer*,
'Twas *s'il vous plait, monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

Which curious *Germans* hold so rare,
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

On Mrs. BIDDY LLOYD.

O R, T H E

Receipt to form a B E A U T Y.

WHEN *Cupid* did his grandfire *Jove*
intreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found far in a country scene
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene;
From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The *Graces* from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition *Lloyd*.

H 2

A P O L L O

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the honourable Mrs. *FINCH*,

Afterwards countess of *Winchelsea*,

Under her name of *Ardelia*.

PHOEBUS, now short'ning ev'ry shade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The God laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of *Ardelia's* eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright God whom bards invoke,
Soon knew *Apollo* by his looks,
And guess'd his bus'ness e're he spoke.

He, in the old celestial cant,
Confess'd his flame, and swore by *Styx*
Whate'er she would desire to grant —
But wise *Ardelia* knew his tricks.

Ovid

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of stroling Gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd upon a trial
To cheat the God in his own art.

Hear my request, the virgin said;
Let which I please of all the nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
The God could not refuse her pray'r:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due:
But she the charm already try'd:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright *Ardelia's* side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay,
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
When on their queen the muses wait:
But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* pow'r,
For vows divine are kept by fate.

Then, full of rage, *Apollo* spoke:
Deceitful nymph, I see thy art;

And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler part.

Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With ev'ry muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despise a poet's name.

Of modest poets be thou first;
To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till *Fame* and *Echo* almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

And last, my vengeance to compleat,
May you descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A whig, and one that wears a gown.

* I M P R O M P T U.

To lady WINCHELSEA.

Occasioned by four Satirical Verses on *Womens-Wits*, in *The Rape of the Lock*.

IN vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those *Sapphos* we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit,
But doom'd it then, when first *Ardelia* writ,
Of all examples by the world confest,
I knew *Ardelia* could not quote the best;
Who, like her mistress on *Britannia's* throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.

To

To write their praise you but in vain essay;
Even while you write, you take that praise
away:

Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

* E P I G R A M.

A Bishop by his neighbours hated
Has cause to wish himself translated:
But why should *Hough* desire translation,
Lov'd and esteem'd by all the nation?

Yet, if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life, I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither *Enoch* went before him.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more:)
However, *Stella*, be not troubled;
Although thy size and years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declin'd,
Made up so largely in thy mind.

Oh would it please the Gods to *split*
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!

Or nymphs to graceful, white, and fair,
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle fate
(That either nymph might have her swain)
To split my worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign:
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The *Angel-inn* to ev'ry friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd?
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treach'rous tapster *Thomas*
Hangs a new angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old *Angel-inn*.

Now this is *Stella's* case in fact:
An *angel's* face, a little crack'd;
(Could poets, or could painters fix)
How *angels* look at thirty-six:
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an *angel's* mind;

And

And ev'ry virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of *Stella's* eyes.
See at her levee crouding swains,
Whom *Stella* freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense ;
And puts them but to small expence ;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little get for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives !
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When *Doll* hangs out a newer face ;
Or stop and light at *Cloe's* head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed ?

Then, *Cloe*, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight ;
Pursue your trade of scandal picking,
Your hints, that *Stella* is no chicken ;
Your innuendos, when you tell us
That *Stella* loves to talk with fellows :
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve ;
'That, should you live to see the day
When *Stella's* locks must all be grey,
When age must paint a furrow'd trace
On ev'ry feature of her face ;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art or time or nature bribe
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen ;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind ;

All men of sense with pairs your door,
And croud to *Stella's* at fourscore.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

A great bottle of wine, long buried, being
that day dug up. 1722.

RESOLV'D my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on *Stella's* day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curse,
Long-thinking made my fancy worse.

Forfaken by th' inspiring nine,
I waited at *Apollo's* shrine:
I told him what the world would say,
If *Stella* were unfung to-day;
How I should hide my face for shame,
When both the *Jacks* and *Robin* came;
How *Ford* would frown, how *Jim* would leer,
How *Sh—r* the rogue would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.
I have assur'd them twenty times,
That *Phæbus* help'd me in my rhymes,

Rhæbus

Phæbus inspir'd me from above ;
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic licence ;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think *Eusden's* right as good as mine.

Nor do I ask for *Stella's* sake ;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake :
And *Stella* will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle :

Tho' you should live like old *Methusalem*,
I furnish hints, and you should use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns
Through the whole set of *Irish* deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean *W——*, dean *D——*, and dean *Smedley*,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home ;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the croud.

But now, your danger to prevent,
You may apply to mrs. * *Brent* ;
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the God of *earth* delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand ;
Let her describe a circle round
In † *Saunder's* cellar on the ground :

H 6

A spade

* House-keeper.

† The butler.

And with discretion dig the mould:
Let *Stella* look with watchful eye,
§ *Rebecca*, || *Ford*, and *Grattons* by.

Behold the bottle, where it lies,
With neck elated tow'ards the skies!
The God of winds, and God of fire,
Did to its wond'rous birth conspire;
And *Bacchus* for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sov'reign med'cine for the brains.

You'll find it soon, if fate consents;
If not, a thousand mrs. *Brents*,
Ten thousand *Archys*, arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to *Pluto's* shades.

From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the muse;
(But first let *Robert* on his knees
With caution drain it from the lees)
The muse will at your call appear
With *Stella's* praise to crown the year.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

1724.

AS, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say she's past her dancing days;
So

† The footman.

§ A lady, friend to *Stella*.

|| Friends of the author.

So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose :
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old house-keeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better :
While *Sheridan* is off the hooks,
And friend *Delany* at his books,
That *Stella* may avoid disgrace,
Once more the dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth !
Have always been confin'd to youth ;
The God of wit, and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like *Phæbus*, young ;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like *Venus*, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you ?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me ?
Adieu ! bright wit, and radiant eyes,
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose :
But I'll be still your friend in prose :
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress ;
And, if the muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.

But, *Stella*, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young ;

Th

That *Time* sits with his icy line to mow
Where erst sat *Cupid* with his bow ;
That half your locks are turn'd to grey ?
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown :
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight ;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm a sham'd to use a glass ;
And, till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lyes.

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit :
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *see*.
Oh, ne'er may fortune shew her spight,
To make me deaf, and mend my *sight* !

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me :
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old ;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills :
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which

Which can in spite of all decays
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines:

Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their profelytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes:)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.

Say, *Stella*, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before:
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates:
Your gen'rous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;

That

To merit humbled in the dust ;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glitt'ring drefs ;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain ;
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass ?
Or mere chimæras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind ?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago ?
And, had it not been still supply'd,
It must a thousand times have dy'd.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain ?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind ;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last ?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end ?

Believe me, *Stella*, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue in her daily race,
Like *Janus*, bears a double face ;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

O the

Take pity on your pitying friends !
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your sufferings share ;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due ;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

* To Mrs. MARTHA BLOUNT.

Sent on her Birth-Day, June 15.

OH, be thou blest with all that heav'n can
 send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and
 a friend !
Not with those toys the female race admire,
Riches that *vex*, and vanities that *tire* ;
Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old-age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end ;
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot !

Let joy, or ease, let affluence, or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face ;
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a *pain*, a *trouble*, or a *fear* ;

TiM

In some lost dream, or extasy or joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come!

* S O N G.

By a Person of Quality.

I SAID to my heart, between sleeping and
waking,

Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or
aking,

What black, brown, or fair, in what clime,
in what nation,

By turns has not taught thee a pit—a—pata-
tion?

Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this sober
reply:

See the heart without motion, tho' *Celia* pass
by!

Not the beauty she has, nor the wit that she
borrows,

Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sor-
rows.

When our *Sappho* appears, she whose wit's so
refin'd,

I am forc'd to applaud with the rest of man-
kind;

Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire;
Ev'ry word I attend; but I only admire.

Præ-

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, tho' man is her aim :
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes;
Those stars of this world are too good for the
skies.

But *Cloe* so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
When she comes in my way, the motion, the
pain,

The leapings, the akings, return all again.

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of
season!

When so easy to guess who this angel should
be,

Would one think Mrs. *Howard* ne'er dream't
it was she?

* B A L L A D.

O F all the girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as *Nelly*,
For charming face, and shape, and mein,
And what's not fit to tell ye :
Oh! the turn'd neck and smooth white skin
Of lovely dearest *Nelly*!
For many a swain it had well been,
Had she ne'er pass'd by *Calai*—.

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
(Invited by her cousins)
Across the *Tuilleries* each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by the dozens:

The

Did beckon to his *buffar*,
And bid him bring his tabby-cat,
For charming *Nell* to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
To see her so respected:

The men look'd arch, as *Nelly* strok'd,
And puss her tail erected.

But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty *Nelly*:

Then said the duke *de Villeroy*,
Ab! qu'elle est bien jolie!

But who's that grave philosopher,
That carefully looks a'ter?

By his concern it should appear,
The fair one is his daughter.

Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier sly)
He on his child does leer too:

I wish he has no mind to try
What some *papas* will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord
Broke out in *Nelly's* praises,

Admir'd her *rose*, and *lys sans farde*,
(Which are your *termes francoises*.)

Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by *Nelly*;

She like the pride of all the spring,
And they like *fleurs de palais*.

In *Marli's* gardens, and *St. Clou*,
I saw th's charming *Nelly*,

Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *alley*:

But

Both at *Versailles* and *Meudon*,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on.

Were *Nelly's* figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' *Italian*;
Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
But I should turn *Pygmalion*:
For spite of lips, and eyes, and mein,
Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe, and her right toe.

* O D E for Music.
On the LONGITUDE.

R E C I T A T I V O.

THE longitude miss'd on
By wicked *Will. Whiston*;
And not better hit on
By good master *Ditton*.

R I T O R N E L L O.

So *Ditton* and *Whiston*
May both be bep-st on;
And *Whiston* and *Ditton*
May both be besh-t on.

Sing

And *Whiston*,
Bep-ft on.

Sing *Ditton* and *Whiston*,
And *Whiston* and *Ditton*,
Besh-t and bep-ft on,
Bep-ft and besh-t on.

DA CAPO.

* EPIGRAM on the feuds about
HANDEL and BONONCINI.

STRANGE! all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-*dum* and tweedle-*dee*!

* ON MRS. TOFTS.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy
song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Or-
pheus along:
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the
poet have dy'd.

* T W ●

* TWO OR THREE;

O R, A

Receipt to make a CUCKOLD.

TWO or three visits, and two or three bows,

Two or three civil things, two or three vows,

Two or three kisses, with two or three sighs,

Two or three *Jesusses* and *let-me-die's*,

Two or three squeezes, and two or three towzes,

(With two or three thousand pound lost at their houses)

Can never fail cuckolding two or three spouses.

* *On a LADY who p—t at the Tragedy of Cato ; occasioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.*

WHILE maudlin whigs deplor'd their *Cato's* fate,

Still with dry eyes the tory *Celia* fate :

But, while her pride forbids her tears to flow,

The gushing waters find a vent below :

Tho' secret, yet with copious grief she mourns,

Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.

Let others screw their hypocritic face,

She shews her grief in a sincerer place :

There

* E P I G R A M,

In a Maid of Honour's Prayer-Book.

WHEN *Israel's* daughters mourn'd their
past offences,
They dealt in *sackcloth*, and turn'd *cinder-wen-*
ches :

But *Richmond's* fair ones never spoil their
locks ;

They use white powder, and wear *holland*
smocks.

O comely church ! where females find *clean*
linen

As decent to *repent* in, as to *sin* in.

E P I G R A M.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one day by his
wife,

He took to the street, and fled for his life :

Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
squabble,

And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the
rabble ;

Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—

But *Tom* is a person of honour so nice,

Too

warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next
morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his
wife.

* The BALANCE of *Europe*.

NOW *Europe's* balanc'd, neither side
prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

* A
PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE

T O

MR. THOMAS SNOW,

Goldsmith, *near* Temple-Bar;

*Occasioned by his buying and selling the third
South-Sea subscriptions, taken in by the Di-
rectors at a thousand per cent*.*

DISDAIN not, *Snow*, my humble verse
to hear;

Stick thy black pen a while behind thy ear.

I

Whether

* In the year 1720 the *South-sea* company, under
pretence of paying the public debt, obtained an act of
par-

gold ;
Whether thy mein erect, and fable locks,
In crouds of brokers over-awe the *stocks* ;
Suspend the worldly bus'ness of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The *South-sea* rocks and shelves, where thou-
sands drown'd !

When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st : no bill was sent unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on * *Martin's*
boards,

And * *Atwill's* self was drain'd of all his
hoards,

Thou stood'st ; an *Indian* king in size and hue !
Thy unexhausted shop was our *Peru*.

Why did ' *Change-alley* waste thy precious
hours

Among the fools who gap'd for golden shower's ?
No wonder, if we find some poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air ;

No

parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation incurred before the year 1716, amounting to 31,664,551 *l.* Part of this sum was subscribed into their capital at three subscriptions ; the first at 300 *l.* *per cent.* the second at 400 *l.* and a third at 1000 *l.* Such was the infatuation of the time, that these subscriptions were bought and sold at exorbitant premiums, so that 100 *l.* *South-sea* stock subscribed at 1000 *l.* was sold for 1200 *l.* in *Exchange-alley*.

* Names of eminent goldsmiths.

schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams ;
No wonder, *they* their third subscriptions
fold
For millions of imaginary gold ;
No wonder, that *their* fancies wild can frame
Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same, }
Tho' chang'd throughout in substance and }
in name.

But *you* (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.

Let vultur *Hopkins* stretch his rusty throat,
Who ruins thousands for a single groat ;
I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid
mind ;

Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true ;
They sell the treasures which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale :

Through fam'd *Moorfields* extends a spacious
seat,

Where mortals of exalted wit retreat ;
Where wrapp'd in contemplation, and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.
There in full opulence a *banker* dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt :
His side-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate ;
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours
In raising piles of straw, and twisted bow'rs,

And with his eye observ'd the structure then
A sharpen'd skew'r 'cross his bare shoulders
bound

A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cry'd, "Behold my castle-walls,
"My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
"With land of more than twenty acres round!
"All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law.)
The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew

clear;
The visionary scene was lost in air.
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:
Yet loth the sum intire should be destroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd:
"Shall I, ye Gods, (he cries) my debts
compound!"

So saying, from his rug the skew'r he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
With just resentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my * tally of ten thousand
pound."

The

* *Charles II*, having borrowed a considerable sum, gave tallies as a security for the repayment; but soon after, shutting up the *Exchequer*, these tallies were as much reduced from their original value, as the *South-Sea* had exceeded it.

The SOUTH-SEA. 1721.

YE wise philosophers ! explain
What magic makes our money rise,
When dropt into the *Southern* main ?
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes ?

Put in your money fairly told ;
Presto be gone — 'Tis here agen ;
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.

Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim ;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal seems to swim.

It rises both in bulk and height ;
Behold it swelling like a sop !
The liquid medium cheats your sight ;
Behold it mounted to the top !

In stock three hundred thousand pound ;
I have in view a lord's estate ;
My manors all contiguous round ;
A coach and six, and serv'd in plate.

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desperate bet ;
Then plunges in the *Southern* waves,
Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees
On the smooth ocean's azure bed
Enamel'd fields, and verdant trees.

It must be some enchanted grove ;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.

Two hundred chariots, just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke ;
And here the owners find their graves.

Like *Pharaoh*, by *directors* led,
They with their *spoils* went safe before ;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the *Red-sea* shore.

Rais'd up on *hope's* aspiring plumes,
The young advent'rer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight ;
With *wax* the *father* bound them fast ;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the tow'ring boy is cast.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent* ;
He melts his *wax* at ev'ry flame ;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern seas *he leaves his name*.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in your dang'rous gulph profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wise* are drown'd ?

So have I seen from *Severn's* brink
A flock of *geese* jump down together,
Swim where the bird of *Jove* would sink,
And swimming never wet a feather. One

And then get off with money stor'd :
But, if a *sharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.
As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallow up the small ;
So fares it in the *Southern sea* ;
The whale *directors* eat up all.
When *stock* is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their offers ;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.
So, when upon a moon-shine night
An ass was drinking at a stream,
A cloud arose, and stopt the light
By intercepting ev'ry beam.
The day of judgment will be soon,
(Cries out a sage among the crowd ;)
An ass hath swallow'd up the moon :
The moon lay safe behind the cloud.
Each poor *subscriber* to the sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies ;
Directors fall as well as they ;
Their fall is but a trick to rise.
So fishes rising from the main
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high ;
The moisture dry'd, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.
Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve ;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like *Lapland* witches in a sieve. Thus

It shews the queen of love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.
A shilling in the *Bath* you fling,
The silver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.
But, as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shewn through a multiplying glass,
Than what it always did before ;
So cast it in the *Southern seas*,
And view it through a jobber's bill ;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea's but a guinea still.
One night, a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden stars for guineas took,
And *silver Cynthia* for a crown.
The point he could no longer doubt ;
He ran, he leapt into the flood ;
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.
Upon the water cast thy bread,
And after many days thou'lt find it ;
But gold upon this ocean spread
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.
There is a gulph where thousands fell ;
Here all the bold advent'urers came ;
A narrow found, though deep as hell ;
Change-alley is the dreadful name. Nine

Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot, seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

* *Now bury'd in the depth below,
Now mounted up to heav'n agen,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits end, like drunken men.*

Mean time secure on † *Garr'way* cliffs
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas:
Subscribers plainly see 'em there;
For fools will see, as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shewn
(Unless the men of *Kent* are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace-roofs, and steeple-spires.

Mark where the sly *directors* creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
The monsters nestle in the deep
To seize you in your passing-by.

Then, like the dogs of *Nile*, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus

• Psalm cvii.

† Coffee-house in 'Change-alley.

Recover strength whence er he fell:
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him up in air to hell.

Directors thrown into the sea
Recover strength and vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in air.

Oh! may some *Western* tempest sweep
These *locusts*, whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, *directors*, to the deep,
Driv'n from the *South-sea* to the *Red*!

May he, whom nature's laws obey,
Who lifts the poor, and sinks the proud,
Quiet the raging of the sea,
And still the madness of the croud!

But never shall our isle have rest,
Till these devouring swine run down,
(The devils leaving the possess)
And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors promises but wind,
South-sea at best a mighty bubble.

*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per un-*
das,

VIRG.

* B A L-

* BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free ;
When *ay* said *ay*, and *no* said *no*,
Without a place or fee ;
Then *Satan*, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit called *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, Quadrille, etc.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
And four fair suits he wore ;
His troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er :
And ev'ry house, go where you will,
Is haunted by the imp *Quadrille, etc.*

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
Which well court-cards they name ;
And, statesman-like, calls in the king
To help out a bad game :
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose *Codille, etc.*

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in *Cupid's* books enroll'd
And call'd a *party quarree* :

But

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil,
When the good husband's at *Quadrille*, etc.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,
In comes the *apothecary*;
And to the doctor cries, alas!
Non debes quadrillare.
The patient dies without a pill;
For why? the doctor's at *Quadrille*, etc.

VII.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
The *Muscovite* grow louder;
Britain to curb her neighbours proud
Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill;
For why? the gen'ral's at *Quadrille*, etc.

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath)
And made of many a 'squire and lord
An unwash'd knight of *Bath*:
What are their feats of arms and skill?
They're but nine parties at *Quadrille*, etc.

IX. A

A party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe's* eyes ;
'Twas call'd in *Post-boy* and *Gazette*
The *quadruple allies* :
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at *Quadrille*, etc.

X.

And now, God save this noble realm,
And God save eke *Hanover* ;
And God save those who hold the helm,
When as the king goes over :
But let the king go where he will,
His subjects must play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, etc.

* M O L L Y M O G :

O R, T H E

Fair Maid of the Inn *.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover,
What hath been the cause of your woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover ?
I've seen *Molly Mog* of the *Rose*.

O nephew ! your grief is but folly ;
In town you may find better prog ;
Half a crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

K

I know,

* The *Rose-Inn* at *Ockingham* in *Berkshire*.

But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving my sweet *Molly Mog*.

The school boy's desire is a play-day ;
The school-master's joy is to flog ;
The milk-maid's delight is on *May-day* ;
But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*.

Will-o'-wisp leads the traveller a gadding
Through ditch and through quagmire and
bog :

But no light can set me a madding,
Like the eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog :
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet *Molly Mog*.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog :
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet *Molly Mog*.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog :
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog :
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet *Molly Mog*.

A let-

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid*, and gives me a jog;
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mog*.

If I would not give up the three *Graces*,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log:
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas*'s merit
Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those who toast all the family royal
In bumpers of *hogan* and *nog*,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another eclogue;
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mog*.

When she smiles on each guest, like her li-
quor,
Then jealousy sets me agog;
To be sure she's a bit for the *vicar*,
And so I shall lose *Molly Mog*.

A New Song of New Similies.

MY passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a *March* hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as *David's* sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of woman-kind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a goat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone;
She laughs to see me pale,
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The

The God I love at her approach
Is busy as a bee !
Hearts found as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me ! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men croud about her :
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears ;
O were we join'd together !
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien ;
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are ;
Methinks I taste them yet ;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as a needle are her words ;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest ;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as a globe her breast.

And nappy as a king :
Good lord ! how all men envy'd me !
She lov'd like any thing.

But, false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do ;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who would take *Peru* !
Great as an emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a *Jew*.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post :
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wish we better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she'll drop a tear,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

*NEW-

* NEWGATE'S GARLAND:

Being a new ballad, shewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr. Blake, alias Blueskin, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial in the Old-Baily, 1725.

To the tune of the Cut-purse.

I.

YE gallants of *Newgate*, whose fingers
are nice

In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;

Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the
noose,

Ye honefter poor rogues, who die in your
shoes.

Attend and draw near,

Good news ye shall hear,

How *Jonathan's* throat was cut from ear to
ear,

How *Blueskin's* sharp penknife hath set you at
ease,

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he
please.

II.

When to the *Old-Baily* this *Blueskin* was led,

He held up his hand; his indictment was
read;

For full forty pounds was the price of his
blood.

Then, hopeless of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a sad widow of *Jonathan's* wife.
But forty pounds paid her her grief shall ap-
pease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he
please.

III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest re-
nown,
Who steal the king's gold, and leave him but
a crown:
Some say there are peers, and some parlia-
ment-men,
Who meet once a year to rob courtiers agen.
Let them all take their swing
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon, instead of a string.
Now *Blueskin's* sharp penknife hath set you at
ease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he
please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning
inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies
pensions:

Phy-

Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering
fees.

Since this happy day
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.
For *Blueskin's* sharp penknife hath set you at
ease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he
please.

V.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the ex-
cise;
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the
halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar.
But now, to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, since *Jonathan's*
cold:
For *Blueskin's* sharp penknife hath set you at
ease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he
please.

VI.

Some by public revenues, which pass'd thro'
their hands,
Have purchas'd clean houses, and bought dirty
lands;

Which at home (says the proverb) does al-
ways begin.

But, if ever you be
Assign'd a trustee,
Treat not orphans like masters of the chan-
cery ;
But take the highway, and more honestly
seize ;
For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he
please.

VII.

What a pother has here been with *Wood* and
his brass,
Who would modestly make a few half-pennies
pass !
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For *Diomed* changed his copper for gold :
But, if *Ireland* despise
The new half-pennies,
With more safety to rob on the road I ad-
vise :
For *Blueskin's* sharp penknife hath set thee at
ease ;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he
please.

P R O-

P R O M E T H E U S,

On *Wood** the patentee's *Irish half-pence*.

Written in the Year 1724.

I.

AS when the 'squire and tinker, *Wood*,
Gravely consulting *Ireland's* good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass ;
The mixture thus by chymic art
United close in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd species ;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck.

So, to confound this *hated coin*,
All *parties* and *religions* join ;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
With *equal int'rest, equal spite* ;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in *one opinion* jump ;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.

A strange event ! whom *gold* incites
To blood and quarrels, *brass* unites :

K 6

So,

* See an account of *Wood's* project in the *Drapier's* letters, Vol. X.

Will serve for *solder* well enough :
So by the *kettle's* loud alarm
The *bees* are gather'd to a *swarm* :
So by the *brazen* trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster :
And so the *harp* of *Ireland* brings
Whole crowds about its *brazen strings*.

II.

There is a chain let down from *Jove*,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong, that from the lower end,
They say, all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When *Jove* was young, was made of *gold*.
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolv'd, and into *money* coin'd ;
Then whips me on a chain of *brass* :
(*Venus* † was brib'd to let it pass.)

Now, while this *brazen* chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd ;
No temple to his Godship rais'd ;
No sacrifice at altars blaz'd ;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amaz'd ; but, looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found ;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but *gold* ;
And to the God of wealth, his brother,
Sent *Mercury* to get another.

Pro-

† A great lady was said to have been bribed by
Wood.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Ty'd with a chain himself had made,
On icy *Caucasus* to shiver,
While vulturs eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye pow'rs of *Grubstreet*, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable ;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief *Prometheus*? WOOD.
For *Jove*, it is not hard to guess him ;
I mean his Majesty, *God bless him*.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold,
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us, but brags,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.

But *Jove* will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope ;
With which *Prometheus* shall be ty'd,
And high in air for ever ride ;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vulturs, we have crows.

* S T R E -

* STREPHON and FLAVIA.

WITH ev'ry lady in the land
Soft *Strephon* kept a pother;
One year he languish'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.

Yet, when his love the shepherd told
To *Flavia* fair and coy,
Reserv'd, demure, than snow more cold,
She scorn'd the gentle boy.

Late at a ball she own'd his pain:
She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
With all the marks of high disdain,
She'd never hear him more.

The swain persisted still to pray,
The nymph still to deny;
At last she vow'd she would not stay;
He swore she should not fly.

Enrag'd, she call'd her footman strait,
And rush'd from out the room,
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
And lay with *Ralph* at home.

C O R I N N A.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world *Corinna* fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.

But

But *Cupid* with a *Satyr* comes ;
Both softly to the cradle creep ;
Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then *Cupid* thus : This little maid
Of love shall always speak and write :
And I pronounce (the *Satyr* said)
The world shall feel her scratch and bite.

Her talent she display'd betimes ;
For in twice twelve revolving moons
She seem'd to laugh and squawl in rhymes,
And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid ;
And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little miss
Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad ;
And how, when master went to p—,
Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette ;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife ;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt ;
Turns auth'ress, and is *Curll's* for life.

Her common-place book all gallant is,
Of scandal now a *cornucopia* ;
She pours it out in † *Atalantis*,
Or memoirs of the *New Utopia*.

* T H E

† The *Atalantis* was written by Mrs. Manley ;
and may be considered as a pander for the stews, who
gains admittance into good company by a genteel ap-
pearance, and good address.

QUIDNUNCKI'S:

*A Tale occasion'd by the Death of the Duke
Regent of France.*

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours !
(Said, at † dame *Elleot's*, master *Tr—s*)

Good *Orleans* dead ! in truth 'tis hard :

Oh ! may all statesmen die prepar'd !

I do foresee (and for foreseeing

He equals any man in being)

The army ne'er can be disbanded.

—I wish the king was safely landed,

Ah friends ! great changes threat the land !

All *France* and *England* at a stand !

There's *Meroweis*—mark ! strange work !

And there's the *Czar*, and there's the *Turk*—

The *Pope*—An *India*-merchant by

Cut short the speech with this reply :

All at a stand ? you see great changes ?

Ah, fir ! you never saw the *Ganges* :

There dwells the nation of *Quidnuncki's*,

(So *Monomotapa* calls monkies :)

On either bank from bough to bough,

They meet and chat (as we may now :)

Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,

They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug ;

And,

† Coffee-house near *St. James's*.

And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends, or stroke them.

There have I seen some active prig,
To shew his parts, bestride a twig :
Lord ! how the chatt'ring tribe admire !
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher :
All long to try the vent'rous thing,
(For pow'r is but to have one's swing.)
From side to side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces !
Down the swift stream the wretch is borne ;
Never, ah never, to return !

Z——ds ! what a fall had our dear brother !
Morbleu ! cries one ; and *damme*, t'other.
The nation gives a gen'ral screech ;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech ;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to steal.

A while all eyes intent and steddly
Pursue him whirling down the eddy :
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig a-new ;
And bus'ness on each monkey shore
Runs the same track it run before.

* A Y AND N O :

A F A B L E.

IN fable all things hold discourse ;
Then *words*, no doubt, must talk of
course.

Once on a time, near *Channel-row* *,
Two hostile adverbs, *ay* and *no*,
Were hast'ning to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite.
Before each general join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began :

Stop, peevish particle, beware !
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes *yield*, when *offer'd fair*.

Suffer yon' folks a while to tattle ;
'Tis *we* who must decide the battle.

Whene'er we war on yonder stage
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow,
That *no* gives *ay*, and *ay* gives *no* :
Yet in expensive long contention
We gain no office, grant, or pension :
Why then should *kinsfolks* quarrel thus ?
(For *two* of *you* make *one* of *us* †.)
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his *proper use* may know :

He

* *Channel-row* is a dirty street near the parliament-house, *Westminster*.

† In *English* two negatives make an affirmative.

He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in *Flanders*.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treas'ry lord, not master Y——g,
Obsequious at his high command
Ay shall march forth to tax the land.
Impeachments *no* can best resist,
And *ay* support the civil list:
Ay quick as *Cæsar* wins the day;
And *no*, like *Fabius*, by delay.
Sometimes, in mutual fly disguise,
Let *ay's* seem *no's*, and *no's* seem *I's*;
Ay's be in courts denials meant,
And *no's* in bishops give consent.

Thus *ay* propos'd—and for reply
No for the first time answer'd *I*.
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for *pay*, like *Swisses*.

P H I L L I S:
OR, THE
PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Written in the Year 1716.

DEsponding *Phillis* was endu'd
With ev'ry talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear;

If

She'd rather take you to her bed,
'Then let you see her dress her head:
In church you hear her, thro' the croud,
Repeat the *absolution* loud;
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoke;
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their blifs in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of *Phil*! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had sculk'd for shame;
Because her father us'd to say
The girl *had such a bashful way*.

Now *John* the butler must be sent
To learn the road that *Phillis* went.
The groom was wish'd to saddle *Crop*;
For *John* must neither light, nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.

See

See here again the devil to do ;
For truly *John* was missing too ;
The horse and pillion both were gone !
Phillis, it seems, was fled with *John*.

Old madam. who went up to find
What papers *Phil* had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
To my much honour'd father—these,
(*'Tis always done, romances tell us,*
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
By others us'd in the like cases.

“ That long ago a *fortune-teller*
“ Exactly said what now befel her ;
“ And in a *glass* had made her see
“ A *serv-ing-man* of low degree.
“ It was *her fate*, must be forgiven ;
“ For *marriages were made in heaven* :
“ His pardon'd begg'd ; but, to be plain,
“ She'd do't, if 'twere to do again :
“ Thank'd God, 'twas *neither shame nor sin* ;
“ For *John* was come of honest kin.
“ Love never thinks of rich and poor :
“ She'd beg with *John* from door to door.
“ Forgive her, if it be a crime ;
“ She'll never do't another time.
“ She ne'er before in all her life
“ Once disobey'd him, *maid nor wife*.
“ One argument she summ'd up all in,
“ The *thing was done, and past recalling* ;
“ And therefore hop'd she should recover
“ His favour, when his *passion's over*.
“ She valu'd not what others thought her,
“ And was—his *most obedient daughter*.”

Fair

Who no more the wandering pair pursue :
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short ;
The loving couple well bemir'd ;
The horse and both the riders tir'd ;
Their victuals bad, their lodging worse ;
Phil cry'd, and *John* began to curse :
Phil wish'd, that she had strain'd a limb,
When first she ventur'd out with him ;
John wish'd, that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted *Peg*.

But what adventures more beset 'em,
The muse hath now no time to tell 'em :
How *Jonny* wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till *Phillis* all her trinkets pawn'd :
How oft she broke her marriage vows
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd her trade ;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In christian justice due to *John*.

When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice ;
For *John* is landlord, *Phillis* hostess :
They keep at *Staines* the *Old Blue Boar*,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

T H E

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door fill ;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighb'ring pool ;
Nor loudly cackles at the door ;
For cackling shews the goose is poor.

But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare :
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs ;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay,
(The third night's profits of his play ;)
His morning draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill :
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight ?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note ?
Nor *Pegasus* could bear the load
Along the high celestial road ;

The

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is *Hippocrene*,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
Through ev'ry thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jocky for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case:
How his exalted spirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he rises, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all *Grubstreet* rings.

T H E

PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

WHEN first *Diana* leaves her bed,
Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:
But by degrees, when mounted high
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt

Twixt earthly realms and the moon
All parallels exactly run :
If *Celia* should appear too soon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone !

To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor *Strephon*, how would he blaspheme !

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a diff'rent scite,
They form a frightful hideous face :

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose :

So *Celia* went intire to bed,
All her complexion safe and sound ;
But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
Though still in fight, had chang'd their
ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But *Celia* can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

L

She

But first with admiration stand,
As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex:
Say, which among the heav'nly pow'rs
Could cause such marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White lead and * *Lusitanian* dish.

Love with white lead cements his wings:
White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face, and *China* ware.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
The window is her proper sphere:
Ah lovely nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near:

Take pattern by your *sister* star:
Delude at once, and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly chuse to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Mat-

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a *form* subsist;
And *form*, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if *matter* brings no grist.

And this is fair *Diana*'s case;
For all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane:

While * *Partridge* wisely shews the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That *Cancer* with his pois'nous claws
Attacks her in the *milky way*:

But *Gadbury*, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to shew,
That swain *Endymion* † is not sound,
Or else that *Mercury*'s her foe.

But, let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That *Flamsteed* can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
Till midnight never shews her head:
So rotting *Celia* strols the street,
When sober folks are all a-bed:

For sure, if this be *Luna*'s fate,
Poor *Celia*, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

L 2

When

• *Partridge* and *Gadbury* wrote each an ephemeris.
† *Endymion*, a young shepherd, of whom *Diana*
was feigned to be enamoured.

No painting can restore a *nose*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye pow'rs, who over love preside !
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If you would have us well supply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon.

PETHOX THE GREAT.

FROM *Venus* born, thy beauty shows ;
But who thy father, no man knows :
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race :
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers *Vulcan* for thy fire,
The God who made *Scamander* boil,
And round his margin sing'd the soil,
From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal pow'r descends to thee :
Whether from dreadful *Mars* you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, shew num'rous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before* ;
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent :
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring *Gaul* descend ;

Or

Or from * *Parthenope* the proud,
Where numberless thy vot'ries croud :
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear *Vesputio*'s name ;
For so conject'ers would obtrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude :
Whether, as *Epicurus* shows,
The world from justling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life ;
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round :
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strow'd.
The † bird of *Pallas* knows his post,
Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'st.

Byzantians boast, that on the clod
Where once their *sultan*'s horse hath trod,
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree :
The same thy subjects boast of thee.

The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.

With half a word, when you require,
The man of bus'ness must retire.

The haughty minister of state
With trembling must thy leisure wait ;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The bus'ness of the nation stands.

L 3

Thom

* Naples.

† *Bubo*, the owl.

Can it not thy return on the rack,
And, as an instance of thy pow'r,
Inclose him in a wooden tow'r:
With pungent pains on ev'ry side,
So *Regulus* in torments dy'd.

From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endu'd
With temp'rance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills supports;
And secrecy, the art of courts.

The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen.

The *Britons*, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendents of the barb'rous *Huns*,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns:
But you have molded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.

Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.

How

How tam'd thy conduct in the fight
With * *Hermes*, son of *Pleias* bright!
Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for ev'ry inch of ground;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific made your glorious march;
The wond'rous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol secur'd,
A siege as long as *Troy* endur'd.

* *Mercury*.

THE

* THE
LAMENTATION
OF
GLUMDALCLITCH

For the Loss of
GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

SOON as *Glumdalclitch* miss'd her pleasing
care,

She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her
hair :

No *British* miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and hawl'd in her
thread,

And stuck her needle into *Grildrig's* bed ;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce
let fall

Her baby, like the giant in *Guildhall*.

In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow ;
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears :

Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears

Seem

When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of
rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the
house,

Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.

“ Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily care

“ Within thy reach I set the vinegar,

“ And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,

“ While pepper-water worms thy bait sup-
ply'd ;

“ Where twin'd the silver eel around thy
hook,

“ And all the little monsters of the brook !

“ Sure in that lake he dropt ; my *Grilly's*
drown'd !”——

She dragg'd the cruet, but no *Grildrig* found.

“ Vain is thy courage, *Grilly*, vain thy
boast ;

“ But little creatures enterprise the most.

“ Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's
paw,

“ Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at
taw,

“ Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding
flew ;

“ Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.

“ Why did I trust thee with that giddy
youth ?

“ Who from a *page* can ever learn the truth ?

“ Vers'd in court tricks, that money-loving
boy

“ To some lord's daughter sold the living
toy,

“ Or

“ From place to place o’er *Brobdingnag* I’ll
roam,

“ And never will return, or bring thee home.

“ But who hath eyes to trace the passing
wind ?

“ How then thy fairy footsteps can I find ?

“ Dost thou bewilder’d wander all alone

“ In the green thicket of a mossy stone ;

“ Or, tumbled from the toadstool’s slipp’ry
round,

“ Perhaps all maim’d lie grov’ling on the
ground ?

“ Dost thou, imbosom’d in the lovely rose,

“ Or, sunk within the peach’s down, repose ?

“ Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,

“ Or in the golden cowslip’s velvet head,

“ O shew me, *Flora*, ’midst those sweets, the
flow’r

“ Where sleeps my *Grildrig* in his fragrant
bow’r !

“ But ah ! I fear thy little fancy roves

“ On little females, and on little loves ;

“ Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,

“ The baby play-things that adorn thy house,

“ Doors, windows, chimnies, and the spa-
cious rooms,

“ Equal in size to cells of honey-combs ;

“ Hast thou for these now ventur’d from the
shore,

“ Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thine
oar ?

“ Or

“ Shall I ne’er bear thyself and house again ?
“ And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
“ To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o’er
“ My spacious palm ? of stature scarce a span,
“ Mimic the actions of a real man ?
“ No more behold thee turn thy watch’s key,
“ As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh ?
“ How wer’t thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
“ A dish of tea, like milk-pale, on thy head ?
“ How chace the mite that bore thy cheese away,
“ And keep the rolling maggot at a bay ?”
She said ; but broken accents stopt her voice,

Soft as the speaking-trumpet’s mellow noise :
She sobb’d a storm, and wip’d her flowing eyes,
Which seem’d like two broad suns in misty skies.

O squander not thy grief ! those tears command

To weep upon our cod in *Newfoundland* :
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And *Europe* taste thy sorrows in a dish.

• MARY •

* MARY GULLIVER

T O

Capt. LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly complaining epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy
native place,

— What, touch me not? what, shun a
wife's embrace?

Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd, and wish'd whole nights for thy
return?

In five long years I took no second spouse;
What *Redriff* wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou should'st cleave unto thy
wife;

Once, thou did'st cleave, and I could cleave
for life.

Hear,

moan !

Be kind at least to these ; they are thy own :
Be bold, and count them all ; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws :
Why start you ? are they snakes ? or have they
claws ?

Thy christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone :
Be kind at least to these ; they are thy own.

* *Biddel*, like thee, might farthest *India*
rove ;

He chang'd his country, but retain'd his love.
There's captain *Pennel*, absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.
Yet *Pennel's* wife is brown compar'd to me,
And Mrs. *Biddel* sure is fifty-three.

Not touch me ! never neighbour call'd me
flut :

Was *Flimnap's* dame more sweet in *Lilliput* ?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume ;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care ?
What mean those visits to the *sorrel mare* ?
Say, by what witchcraft. or what dæmon led,
Preferr'st thou *litter* to the marriage bed !

Some say the devil himself is in that *mare* :
If so, our *dean* shall drive him forth by pray'r.
Some think you mad, some think you are
possest,
That *Bedlam* and clean straw will suit you
best.

M

Vain

* Names of the sea-captains mentioned in *Gulliver's*
travels.

disease.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press; in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no *Gulliver* is there!
I wake, I rise, and shiv'ring with the frost
Search all the house; my *Gulliver* is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise;
Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
The neighbours answer, "*With the sorrel
mare.*"

At early morn I to the market haste,
{Studious in ev'ry thing to please thy taste;}
A curious *fowl* and *sparagras* I chose
(For I remember you were fond of those:)
Three shillings cost the first, the last sev'n
groats:
Sullen you turn from both, and call for *oats*.
Others bring goods and treasures to their
houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and
spouses:
My *only* token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's *corn*.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The *groom* and *sorrel mare* preferr'd to me!
These, for some moments when you deign
to quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know;
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on
woe.

At

And gaping infants squawl to hear the rest.
How did I tremble, when by thousands bound
I saw thee stretch'd on *Lilliputian* ground?
When scaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful
blaze,

King, queen, and nation staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd their's, increas'd my
flame.

Those *spectacles*, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; *love* that armour gave.
How did I mourn at *Bolgolam's* decree!
For, when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd
me.

When folks might see thee all the country
round
For six pence, I'd have giv'n a thousand
pound.

Lord! when the *giant-babe* that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the *marrow-bone* I see thee ramm'd,
Or on the house-top by the *monkey* cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the *maiden's nipple* when you rid,
Pray Heav'n, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her
case:

Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all dis-
grace!

And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free!
My life, alas! I fear prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, dear, new words to speak my
flame!

Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd
name!

Whether the style of *Grildrig* please thee most,
So call'd on *Brobdingnag*'s stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you fate,
And hollow'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or *Quinbus Flestrin* more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on
kings:

If ducal *Nardac*, *Lilliputian* peer,
Or *Glumglum*'s humbler title sooth thine ear:
Nay, would kind *Jove* my organs so dispose
To hymn harmonious *Houyhnhnm* through the
nose,

I'd call thee *Houyhnhnm*, that high-sounding
name;

Thy children's noses all should twang the
same.

So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endu'd with all the virtues of a horse.

* T O
QUINBUS FLESTRIN,
T H E
MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

I N amaze
Loft, I gaze :
Can our eyes
Reach thy fize ?
May my lays
Swell with praife,
Worthy thee !
Worthy me !
Muse, inspire
All thy fire !
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they faid,
Atlas' head
Propt the skies :
See ! and believe your eyes !
See him stride
Vallies wide,
Over woods,
Over floods !

When he treads
Mountains heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake:
Let his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

Turn'd aside
From his hide
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows:
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty poet! touch the sky.

Gentle ECHO on WOMAN.

In the *Doric* Manner.

Shepherd,

ECHO, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly answer questions: shall I
try? Echo, *Try.*

Shepherd,

What must we do our passion to express?
Echo, *Press.*

Shepherd,

How shall I please her who ne'er lov'd before?
Echo, *Before.*

Shepherd,

What most moves women, when we them ad-
dress? Echo, *A dress.*

Shepherd,

Say, what can keep her chaste, whom I adore?
Echo, *A dor.*

Shepherd,

If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
Echo, *Lyar.*

Shepherd,

Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by
her? Echo, *Buy her.*

Shepherd,

When bought, no question, I shall be her
dear? Echo, *Her deer.*

But deer have horns: how must I keep her
under? Echo, *Keep her under.*

Shepherd,
How shall I hold her ne'er to part asunder?
 Echo, *A—se under.*

Shepherd,
But what can glad me, when she's laid on
beir? Echo, *Beer.*

Shepherd,
What must I do, when woman will be kind?
 Echo, *Be kind.*

Shepherd,
What must I do, when woman will be cross?
 Echo, *Be cross.*

Shepherd,
Lord! what is she that can so turn and wind?
 Echo, *Wind.*

Shepherd,
If she be wind, what stills her when she
blows? Echo, *Blows.*

Shepherd,
But, if she bang again, still should I bang her?
 Echo, *Bang her.*

Shepherd,
Is there no way to moderate her anger?
 Echo, *Hang her.*

Shepherd,
Thanks, gentle Echo; right thy answers tell,
What woman is, and how to guard her well.
 Echo, *Guard her well.*

For the Benefit of the Weavers in Ireland.

1721.

WH O dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage?
When actors, who at best are hardly savers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers;
Stay,——let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, from his grace † a hundred pound:
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors;
Item, the actors freely give a day,——
The poet had no more who made the play.

But whence this wond'rous charity in play'rs?
They learnt it not at sermons, or at pray'rs.
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
To own the truth, we have some private ends:
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old *brocades*,
We'll dress in *manufactures* made at home,
Equip our *kings* and *gen'als* at the Comb ‡:
We'll rig in *Meath-street* *Aegypt's* haughty queen;
And *Antony* shall court her in *ratteen*.
In blue *shalloon* shall *Hannibal* be clad,
And *Scipio* trail an *Irish purple plad*.
In drugget drest, of thirteen pence a yard,
See *Philip's* son amidst his *Persian* guard:

M 5

And

† Dr. William King, archbishop of Dublin.

‡ A street in Dublin famous for woollen manufactures.

And proud *Roxana*, in a with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princeſſes within
Are all reſolv'd the project to begin;
And you, our ſubjects, when you here reſort,
Muſt imitate the faſhions of the court.

Oh! could I ſee this audience clad in *ſtuff*,
Though money's ſcarce, we ſhould have trade
enough:

But *chints*, *brocades*, and *lace* take all away,
And ſcarce a crown is left to ſee a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendſhip
ſprings

Between the *weavers* and us play-houſe kings:
But wit and weaving had the ſame beginning;
Pallas firſt taught us poetry and ſpinning.
And next obſerve how this alliance fits,
For *weavers* now are juſt as poor as wits:
Their brother quill-men, workers for the ſtage,
For ſorry *ſtuff* can get a crown a page;
But *weavers* will be kinder to the *players*,
And ſell for twenty pence a yard of theirs:
And, to your knowledge, there is often leſs in
The poet's wit, than in the *player's* dreſſing.

EPITAPH on a MISER.

BENEATH this verdant *hillock* lies
Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wiſe*.
His *heirs*, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his *carcaſe* in a *cheſt*;
The very *cheſt*, in which, they ſay,
His *other ſelf*, his *money*, lay.

And,

And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *self* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

TO STELLA.

Who collected and transcribed his Poems.

1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones;
But all admire *Inigo Jones*:
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times,
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.

Thou, *Stella*, wer't no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of *Cupid's* darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendship and esteem possesst,
I ne'er admitted love a guest.

In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort, that our own is best;

(As tradesmen shew their trash at first :)
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom *Stella* chuses for a friend.

A poet starving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes :
Should but his muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop :
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout † ;
Or patch his broken stocking soals,
Or send him in a peck of coals ;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the stars behind :
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, should a porter make inquiries
For *Chloe*, *Sylvia*, *Phillis*, *Iris*,
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bow'rs that hold those nymphs divine ;
Fair *Chloe* would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground ;
The charming *Sylvia* beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks ;
Bright *Phillis* mending ragged smocks ;
And radiant *Iris* in the pox.
These are the goddesse's enroll'd
In *Curl*'s ‡ collection, new and old,

Whose

† A cant word for strong beer.

‡ See an account of *Curl*, Vol. IV.

Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can deprefs and raife,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue,
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What stoics call *without our pow'r*,
They could not be insur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So *Mævius*, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His families in order set,
And ev'ry crambo he could get;
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lyes.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,

Resolv'd

Known to mortals your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.

Your spirits kindle to a flame
Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame;
And, when a friend in kindness tries
To shew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spight,
Regardless both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all suspended wait
Till time hath open'd reason's gate;
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends;
Which manners, decency, and pride
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for see, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind;
And may compare to *Ætna's* fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat, that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.

Those who in warmer climes complain
From *Phœbus'* rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By gen'rous wines beneath a shade.

Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:

So

So the sun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
Ripens the grape, the liquors fours :
Thus *Ajax*, when with rage possess'd
By *Pallas* breath'd into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd *Troy* ;
But blinded by resentment seeks
For vengeance on his friends the *Greeks*.

You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which thus fermenting by degrees
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.

Stella, for once you reason wrong ;
For, should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind ;
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.

Say, *Stella*, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text ?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand ?
Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire ?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

T H E
J O U R N A L
O F A
M O D E R N L A D Y.

Written in 1728.

IT was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female common-weal——
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival *Venus* to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks, I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belye?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, *etc.*

[*Here several verses are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite :
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promise what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit ;
And yet perhaps you may be bit,
I but transcribe ; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall shew you in the sequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at *Quadrille*.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise ;
Of head-ach and the spleen complains ;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glass ; and " *Betty*, pray
" Don't I look frightfully to-day ?
" But was it not confounded hard ?
" Well, if I ever touch a card !
" Four *mattadores*, and lose *codill* !
" Depend upon't, I never will.

" But

“ The ladies here to-night by fix.”
Madam, the goldsmith waits below :
He says, his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?—“ Why shew him up.”
Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest, *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there's my lady *Spade*
Hath sent this letter by her maid.
“ Well, I remember what she won ;
“ And hath she sent so soon to dun ?
“ Here, carry down those ten pistoles
“ My husband left to pay for coals :
“ I thank my stars, they all are light ;
“ And I may have revenge to-night.”
Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme ;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls lady *Spade* a hundred cheats :
“ She slipt *spadillo* in her breast,
“ Then thought to turn it to a jest :
“ There's Mrs. *Cut* and she combine,
“ And to each other give the sign.”
Through ev'ry game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their ev'ning ale.

Now to another scene give place :
Enter the folks with silks and lace :
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right *India* this, right *Mechlin* that :
Observe this pattern ; there's a stuff ;
I can have customers enough.

Dear

Dear madam, you are grown so hard——
This lace is worth twelve pound a yard :
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan.

This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost drest by four,
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, Madam, dinner stays :
She answers in her usual style,
The cook must keep it back a while :
I never can have time to dress :
No woman breathing takes up less ;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick ;
I wish the dinner at *Old Nick*.

At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart :
“ I thought we were to dine alone,
“ My dear ; for sure, if I had known
“ This company would come to-day——
“ But really 'tis my spouse's way ;
“ He's so unkind, he never sends
“ To tell when he invites his friends ;
“ I wish ye may but have enough.”
And while with all this paultry stuff
She sits tormenting ev'ry guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite ;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit !

But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her ev'ning tea ;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans ; When,

Away the God of *silence* flew,
And fair *discretion* left the place,
And *modesty* with blushing face :
Now enters over-weening *pride*,
And *scandal* ever gaping wide ;
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air ;
Rude *laughter* seeming like to burst,
And *malice* always judging worst ;
And *vanity* with pocket-glass,
And *impudence* with front of brass ;
And study'd *affectation* came,
Each limb and feature out of frame ;
While *ignorance*, with brain of lead
Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my muse,
An hundred tongues, as poets use,
When to give ev'ry dame her due
An hundred thousand were too few ?
Or, how should I, alas ! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres ?
Now comes the general scandal-charge ;
What some invent, the rest enlarge ;
And, " Madam, if it be a lye,
" You have the tale as cheap as I :
" I must conceal my author's name ;
" But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,

Arc

Wherein yourselves have greatest share :
Thus every fool herself deludes ;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes :
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses *Chloe's* tainted breath ;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure *Phillis* for perfumes ;
While crooked *Cynthia* sneering says :
That *Florimet* wears iron stays :
Chloe's of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
And full of indignation frets,
That women should be such coquets :
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, " Lord, the world is so censorious !"
And *Rufa*, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that *Sappho's* hair is red :
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence ;
And *Sylvia*, full of inward guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies ;
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute ;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking ;
Their chatt'ring makes a louder din
Than fish-wives o'er a cup of gin :
Not school-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout :
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter ;

Far

Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the fan
Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands:
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits:
“And was not *Tom* this morning sent?
“I’d lay my life he never went:
“Past six, and not a living soul!
“I might by this have won a vole.”
A dreadful interval of spleen!
How shall we pass the time between?
“Here, *Betty*, let me take my drops;
“And feel my pulse, I know it stops,
“This head of mine, lord, how it swims!
“And such a pain in all my limbs!”
Dear madam, try to take a nap——
But now they hear a footman’s rap:
“Go run, and light the ladies up:
“It must be one before we sup.”

The table, cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester-ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover’d quite,
Our madam can sit up all night?

“Whoever

Quadrille's the word, and so begin.

How can the muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels?
She draws up card by card to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see *spadillo* rise:
I vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
“ This morning, when the *parson* came,
“ I said I should not win a game.
“ This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
“ I think I never had good luck in't.
“ I'm so uneasy in my stays;
“ Your fan a moment, if you please.
“ Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
“ I always lose, when you look on.”
Lord! madam, you have lost codill:
I never saw you play so ill.
“ Nay, madam, give me leave to say
“ 'Twas you that threw the game away;
“ When lady *Tricksey* play'd a four,
“ You took it with a *mattadore*;

“ I

“ You spoke a word began with H,
“ And I know whom you meant to teach,
“ Because you held the king of hearts ;
“ Fie, madam, leave these little arts.”

That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,
And makes her partner understand
A mattadore is in her hand.

“ Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
“ I swear I saw you thrice renounce.”

And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five you scor'd me ten.

Spadillo here has got a mark ;
A child may know it in the dark :
I guess the hand ; it seldom fails :
I wish some folks would pare their nails.

While thus they rail and scold and storm,
It passes but for common form ;
And conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes 'em sensible of shame.

The time too precious now to waste,
And supper gobbled up in haste,
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
Yet shall I not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat,
At last they hear the watchman knock,
A frosty morn—past four o'clock.

The

The chairmen are not to be found,
“Come, let us play the t’other round.”

Now, all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone;
But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky madam left in tears,
(Who now again *Quadrille* forswears)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Part of a summer spent at the house of
George Rochfort, esq;

THALIA, tell in sober lays
How *George, Nim, Dan, Dean* pass their
days.

Begin, my muse: first from our bow’rs
We fally forth at diff’rent hours;
At seven the *Dean* in night-gown drest
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine grave *Nim* and *George* facetious
Go to the *Dean* to read *Lucretius*;
At ten my lady comes and hectors,
And kisses *George*, and ends our lectures,
And, when she has him by the neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar,

N

All,

But, by peculiar whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
O'ersees the work, or *Dragon** rows,
Or marrs a text, or mends his hose;
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end:
My lord and dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake:
The loit'ers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady *Betty* soundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
With church and king the lady's gone;
(Not reck'ning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass.)
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to dose away his beef;
And this must pass for reading *Hammond*—
While *George* and *Dean* go to back-gammon.
George, *Nim*, and *Dean* set out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But, when the sun goes to the deep,
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood, when he goes in it.

Now

* My lord chief-baron's smaller boat.

We go to pray'rs, and then to play
Till supper comes ; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late—the old and younger pairs
By * *Adam* lighted walk up stairs.
The weary *Dean* goes to his chamber ;
And *Nim* and *Dan* to garret clamber :
So, when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.

I might have mention'd sev'ral facts
Like episodes between the acts ;
And tell who loses, and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins ;
How *Dan* caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was over-set :
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the *Dean* was drench'd :
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant *George* rode o'er the *Dragon*,
How steady in the storm he sat,
And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat :
How *Nim* (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em :
How skilfully *Dan* mends his nets ;
How fortune fails him when he sets.
Or how the *Dean* delights to vex
The ladies, or lampoon the sex :
Or how our neighbour lifts his nose
To tell what ev'ry school-boy knows ;
Then with his finger on his thumb
Explaining strikes opposers dumb :

N 2

Or

* The butler.

Shews all her secrets of house-keeping ;
For candles how she trucks her dripping ;
Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast
To brew her ale, and raise her paste ;
Tells ev'ry thing that you can think of,
How she cur'd *Tommy* of the chin-cough ;
What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weasels ;
How *Fowler* howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.

But now, since I have gone so far on,
A word or two of * lord chief baron ;
And tell how little weight he sets
On all *whig*-papers and *gazettes* ;
But, for the politics of *Pue*, †
Thinks ev'ry syllable is true.

And since he owns the king of *Sweden*
Is dead at last, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the *Czar* :

“ Why, *Muscovy* is not so far ;
“ Down the black sea, and up the streights,
“ And in a month he's at your gates ;
“ Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
“ By *Christmas* we shall see strange things.”

Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains ;
Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choak the girls, and to consume a rabble ?
But you, who are a scholar, know
How transient all things are below,

How

* Mr. *Rockfort*'s father.

† A *tory* news-writer.

How prone to change is human life!
 Last night arriv'd *Clem.* * and his wife —
 This grand event hath broke our measures;
 Their reign began with cruel seizures:
 The *Dean* must with his quilt supply
 The bed in which those tyrants lie;
Nim lost his wig-block, *Dan* his jordan,
 (My lady says she can't afford one;)
George is half scar'd out of his wits,
 For *Clem.* gets all the dainty bits,
 Henceforth expect a diff'rent survey,
 This house will soon turn topsy-turvy:
 They talk of further alterations,
 Which causes many speculations.

A

PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the Year 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot*
 hight,
 Who went to weed the court of *Gosford*
 knight †,

N 3

While

* Mr. Clement Barry.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, whose great grandfather
 was Sir Archibald of Gosford in Scotland.

roots
That rais'd between the stones their daily
shoots ;
As at their work they sat in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
Sing, heavenly muse! in sweetly-flowing
strain
The soft endearments of the nymph and
swain.

DERMOT.

My love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones
betwixt:
My spud these nettles from the stones can part,
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle *Dermot* faster grows,
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but
oh!
Love rooted out again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender legs shall
rake;
(I spare the thistle for Sir *Arthur's* * fake.)
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rusty
matt;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting
squat.

SHEE-

* Who is a great lover of Scotland,

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches torn behind stand gaping
wide ;

This petticoat shall save thy dear backside ;
Nor need I blush, although you feel it wet ;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the *dean* threw me this tobacco plug :
A longer ha'-p'orth never did I see ;
This, dearest *Sheelah*, thou shalt share with
me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry door this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt ;
* *Dennis* was out, and I got hither safe ;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger
half.

DERMOT.

When you saw *Tady* at long-bullets play,
You fat and lous'd him all the sun-shine day.
How could you, *Sheelah*, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his between your nails ?

SHEELAH.

When you with *Oonah* stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch those nasty fluts !
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

DER-

* Sir *Arthur*'s butler.

DERMOT.

If *Oonab* once I kifs'd, forbear to chide ;
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side :
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain.

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though *Tady*'s locks could
hold
Ten thousand lice, and ev'ry louse was gold,
Him on my lap you never more should see ;
Or may I lose my weeding-knife—and thee.

DERMOT.

Oh ! could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues to bear thee dry to mafs !
But see, where *Norah* with the sowins comes—
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

MARY the Cook-maid's Letter
to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Written in the Year 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man
since my mother bound my head !
You a gentleman ! marry come up, I wonder
where you were bred,

I am

your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith
and troth.

Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr.
Sheridan! 'tis a shame

For a parson, who should know better things,
to come out with such a name:

Knave in your teeth, Mr. *Sheridan*! 'tis both
a shame and a sin;

And the dean my master is an honest man
than you and all your kin:

He has more goodness in his little finger, than
you have in your whole body:

My master is a personable man, and not a
spindle-shank'd hodge-doddy.

And now, whereby I find you would fain
make an excuse,

Because my master one day in anger call'd
you goose;

Which, and I am sure I have been his ser-
vant four years since *October*,

And he never call'd me worse than sweet-
heart, drunk or sober:

Not that I know his reverence was ever con-
cern'd to my knowledge,

Though you and your come-rogues keep him
out so late in your wicked college.

You say you will eat grass on his grave: a
christian eat grass!

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a
goose or an ass:

But

Well, well, that as God pleases ; and I don't believe that's a true story :

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master ; what care I ?

And I don't care who knows it ; 'tis all one to *Mary*.

Every body knows, that I love to tell the truth and shame the devil.

I am but a poor servant ; but I think gentle-folks should be civil.

Besides, you found fault with our vittles one day that you was here ;

I remember it was on a *Tuesday*, of all days in the year.

And *Saunders* the man says, you are always jesting and mocking :

Mary, said he (one day, as I was mending my master's stocking)

My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school —

I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale

He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail.

And now I must go and get *Saunders* to direct this letter ;

For I write but a sad scrawl ; but my sister *Marget* she writes better.

Well,

Well, but I must run and make the bed, be-
fore my master comes from pray'rs ;
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him
coming up stairs :
Whereof I could say more to your verses,
if I could write written hand :
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant
to command, M A R Y.

A
D I A L O G U E
B E T W E E N

Mad MULLINIX and TIMOTHY*.

Written in 1728.

M. **I** Own, 'tis not my bread and butter ;
But prythee, *Tim*, why all this clutter ?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the *Jacobites* ?
When, if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found ;
No, not among the *priests* and *friars*—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G — damn the lyars.
M. The *Tories* are gone ev'ry man over
To our illustrious house of *Hanover* ;

From

* See *Tim* and the fables, Vol. VII.

From all their conduct this is plain;
And then ———

T. G— damn the lyars again.

Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts? [*aside.*

M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets!

T. Did not an able statesman-bishop
This dang'rous horrid motion dish-up
As *popish* craft? did he not rail on't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't?
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the *pretender*,
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon*.

M. These brangling jars of *Whig* and *Tory*
Are stale and worn as *Troy-town story*:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out at last;
Like *Martin Marrall*, gaping on*,
Nor minding when the song is done.
When all the *bees* are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.

The

* *Sir Martin Marrall* is a character in one of *Dryden's* comedies. *Sir Martin* was to serenade his mistress; but, as he could not play, his man undertook to conceal himself, and do it for him, while he should thrum the instrument; but this ingenious project miscarried by the knight's continuing his exercise, when the music was at an end.

Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;
And, when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Thersites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and *Jacobites*, and treason;
Thy busy, never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisp'rings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side so damn'd a nuisance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend *Mullinix*, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours: but d—— my blood,
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of *glorious*:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round.

Henceforth depends alone on me ;
And while this vital breath I blow
Or from above, or from below,
I'll sputter, fwagger, curse and rail,
The *Tories* terror, scourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite ;
The *Tories* ! you are their *delight* ;
And should you act a diff'rent part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, *Tim*, you have a taste I know,
And often see a *puppet-show* :
Observe, the audience is in pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the scene ;
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice !
And then they value not two straws,
How *Solomon* decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which *pretender* ;
Nor listen to the witch of *Endor*.
Should *Faustus* with the devil behind him
Enter the stage, they never mind him :
If *Punch*, to spur their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again ;
O what a pleasure mixt with pain !
You ev'ry moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the stage :
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the queen of *Sheba's* lap :
The duke of *Lorrain* drew his sword ;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all people in his jargon,
And sold the king of *Spain* a bargain ;

St.

And mounts astride upon the *Dragon* ;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks ;
In every action thrusts his nose ;
The reason why, no mortal knows :
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could ;
While, teasing all, by all he's teaz'd,
How well are the spectators pleas'd !
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare ;
Have no concern for *Sabra's* sake,
Which gets the better, faint or snake,
Provided *Punch* (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, *Tim*, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows ;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of *Punchinelloes* :
So at this booth, which we call *Dublin*,
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to stir up troubl' in :
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round
To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound,
Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter,
Are grown the nuisance of your *clan*,
Who hate and scorn you to a man :
But then the lookers-on, the *Tories*,
You still divert with merry stories ;

Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.

But tell me, *Tim*, upon the spot,
By all this coil what hast thou got?
If *Tories* must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgrac'd at court.

T. Got? D—— my blood, I frank my let-
ters,

Walk to my place before my betters,
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer ——
Got? D—— me, why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the *Tories* *Jacks*,
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That, when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and common-weal,
And fret the *Tories* souls to death,
I did but lose my precious breath,
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Consume my vitals! they should know,
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?

No

No little boys and girls to cry,
There's nimble Tim a passing by?
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party hatred?*
Will none the *Tory dogs* pursue,
When through the street I cry *halloo?*
Must all my d—mee's, bloods, and wounds,
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall *Tory* rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, *a plot, a plot,*
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to swear and lye,
Will they not trust me for a *spy?*

Dear *Mullinix*, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or blest'd with such engaging parts
To win the truant school-boys hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the *sable guard*.
Charm'd by thy voice the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful steps, and col'nel's air,
Allure the *cinder-picking fair*.

M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Thy parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
I wish they had been well apply'd.
But now observe my counsel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phyz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As *Horace* says, *optat ephippia;*

(I here *salute* too, that you may see
How much improv'd by dr. ———).
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry.
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair.
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal, and so curl'd;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of *toupee* or *snake*.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, keep you the rear;
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mein, and gate;
Mark my address, and learn my stile,
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at your leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine
I'll take you to some friend of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;

Some

Some have the duty of the day;
From noxious steams to purge the air;
Some teach us in these dang'rous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro;
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber*:
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manours, who for hire:
Our care is to improve the mind
With what concerns all human-kind;
The various scenes of mortal life,
Who beats her husband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lanthorn broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;
Or how by *almanacs* 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.

T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament
My precious time so long mispent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debas'd my mind:
I give myself intire to you;
G—d—the *Whigs*, and *Tories* too.

* E P I T A P H.

HERE continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY and
INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from
the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the undeviating
pravity of his manners, than successful in
accumulating WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only person of his time
Who could CHEAT without the mask of
HONESTY,
Retain his primeval MEANNESS when possess'd
of TEN THOUSAND a year;
And, having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for
what he *did*,
Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could*
not *do*. O in-

O indignant reader!

Think not his life useless to mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable de-
signs,

To give to after-ages a conspicuous PROOF
and EXAMPLE

Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT
WEALTH in the sight of GOD, by his be-
stowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL
MORTALS.

* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula—cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges—forsan et Antipodes.*

Apply'd to F. C.

HERE *Francis Chartres* lies—be civil!
The rest God knows — perhaps the
devil.

* E P I G R A M.

PETER complains, that God has given
To his poor babe a life so short:
Consider, *Peter*, he's in heav'n:
'Tis good to have a friend at court.

* A N O T H E R.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will
come :

Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

* EPITAPH of By-Words.

HERE lies a *round* woman, who thought
mighty odd

Ev'ry word she e'er heard in this church about
God.

To convince her of *God* the good dean did en-
deavour ;

But still in her heart she held *nature* more
clever.

Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head
always run

Upon something or other she found better *fun* :
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astrono-
mical,

Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world she despis'd ev'ry soul she met
here ;

And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but
queer.

EPIGRAM.

*On seeing a worthy prelate go out of church
in the time of divine service to wait on
his grace the D. of D—.*

LORD Pam in the church (could you
think it?) kneel'd down;
When told the lieutenant was just come to
town,
His *station* despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his *God* to attend on his *grace*:
To the *court* it was fitter to pay his *devotion*,
Since God had no hand in his lordship's *pro-*
motion.

* EPIGRAM from the French

SIR, I admit your gen'ral rule,
That ev'ry poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to shew it,
That ev'ry fool is not a poet.

* EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G— lies under
ground!
So there's an end of honest *Jack*.
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

* E P I G R A M.

On the Toasts of the Kit-Kat Club.

Anno 1716.

WHence deathless *kit-kat* took its name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from *pastry-cook* it came,
And some from *cat* and *fiddle*.
From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen, or green wits;
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old *cats* and young *kits*.

* To a L A D Y, with the *Temple of Fame.*

WHAT's fame with men, by custom of
the nation
Is call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we such a po-
ther?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the
other.

• V E R.

* V E R S E S.

*To be placed under the picture of England
arch-poet ; containing a compleat cate-
logue of his works.*

SEE who ne'er was or will be half-read !
Who first sung (a) *Arthur*, then sung (b)
Alfred ;
Prais'd great (c) *Eliza* in God's anger,
Till all true *Englishmen* cry'd, hang her !
Made *William's* virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up *Marlb'rough* in (d) *arras* :
Then hiss'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite
Made ev'ry reader curse the (e) *light* ;
Maul'd human *wit* in one thick (f) *satire* ;
Next in three books sent (g) *human nature*,
Undid (h) *Creation* at a jerk,
And of (i) *Redemption* made damn'd work.
Then took his muse at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the scripture :

Wh

- (a) Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.
- (b) Heroic poems in twelve books.
- (c) Heroic poems in folio, ten books.
- (d) Instructions to *Vanderbank*, a tapestry-weaver.
- (e) Hymn to the light.
- (f) Satire against *wit*.
- (g) Of the *nature* of man.
- (h) *Creation*, a poem, in seven books.
- (i) The *Redeemer*, another heroic poem, in
books.

Sternhold himself he out-*Sternholded* :
 Made (k) *David* seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought king
Achish.
 No mortal read his (l) *Solomon*,
 But judg'd *R'oboam* his own son.
Moses (m) he serv'd as *Moses Pharaoh*,
 And *Deborah* as she *Siferah* ;
 Made (n) *Jeremy* full sore to cry,
 And (o) *Job* himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow ?
 Shall *Arthur* use him like king *Tollo* ?
 Shall *David* as *Uriah* slay him ?
 Or dext'rous *Deb'rah Siferah* him ?
 Or shall *Eliza* lay a plot
 To treat him like her sister *Scot* ?
 Shall *William* dub his better end * ?
 Or *Marlb'rough* serve him like a friend ?
 No, none of these—heav'n spare his life !
 But send him, honest *Job*, thy wife.

Dr.

(k) Translation of all the *Psalms*.

(l) *Canticles* and *Ecclesiastes*.

(m) Paraphrase of the canticles of *Moses* and *Deborah*, &c.

(n) The *Lamentations*.

(o) The whole book of *Job*, a poem, in folio.

* Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE,

While he was writing the Dunciad.

POPE has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then different studies chuse;
The *Dean* sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muse.

Now backs of letters, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck
All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together stuck,
Behold a poem rise!

Yet to the *Dean* his share allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *causa sine quâ non*.

Thus, * *Pope*, in vain you boast your wit;
For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.

* A polite turn is given to this incident by Mr
Pope in his letter to Dr. *Sheridan*, Vol. XII, Letter
32.

Of prelate thus for preaching I am
The sexton reason'd well ;
And justly half the merit claim'd,
Because he *rang the bell*.

* BOUNCE TO FOP.

An epistle from a dog at *Twickenham* to
a dog at court.

TO thee, sweet *Fop*, these lines I send,
Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail, in wanton play
Now frisking this and then that way,
Chanc'd with a touch of just the tip
To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ship :
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off !
Sure *Bounce* is one you never read of.

Fop ! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg,
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up *strings* and *sticks*.
We country dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty *Fop* ! where-e'er you come,
To fart and piss about the room,
To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
And, when they think not of you,—snap !
The worst that envy, or that spite
E'er said of me, is, I can bite ;
That idle gypsies, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags ;

And

And that to towze such things as *nutter*
To honest *Bounce* is bread and butter.

While you, and ev'ry courtly fop,
Fawn on the devil for a chop,
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat;
And, let me tell you, have a nose,
(Whatever stinking fops suppose)
That under cloth of gold or tissue
Can smell a plaister, or an issue.

Your pilf'ring lord with simple pride
May wear a pick-lock at his side;
My master wants no key of state,
For *Bounce* can keep his house and gate.

When all such dogs have had their days,
As knavish *Pams*, and fawning *Trays*;
When pamper'd *Cupids*, beastly *Venis*,
And motly, squinting *Harlequinis**,
Shall lick no more their ladies br—,
But die of looseness, claps, or itch;
Fair *Thames* from either echoing shore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See *Bounce*, like *Berecynthia*, crown'd
With thund'ring offspring all around;
Beneath, beside me, and at top,
A hundred sons, and not one *fop*!

Before my children set your beef,
Not one true *Bounce* will be a thief;

Not

• *Alii legunt Harvequinis.*

(Though some of *J——n*'s hungry breed :)
But, whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace :
While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldest-born resides not far,
Where shines great *Strafford*'s glitt'ring star :
My second (child of fortune !) waits
At *Burlington*'s Palladian gates :
A third majestically stalks
(Happiest of dogs !) in *Cobham*'s walks :
One ushers friends to *Bathurst*'s door ;
One fawns at *Oxford*'s on the poor.

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race.

And O ! would fate the bliss decree
To mine, (a bliss too great for me !)
That two my tallest sons might grace,
Attending each with stately pace,
Iulus' side, as erst *Evander*'s *,
To keep off flatt'ers, spies, and panders,
To let no noble slave come near,
And scare lord *Fannys* from his ear :
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at least a friend—or two ;
A treasure, which of royal kind
Few but himself deserve to find.

Then

* Virg. *Æn.* 3.

Then *Bounce* ('tis all that *Bounce* can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.

* On the countess of *Burlington*
cutting paper.

PALLAS grew vap'rish once and odd;
She would not do the least right thing
Either for Goddess or for God,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and "Use (he cry'd) those
eyes

"So skilful, and those hands so taper;
"Do something exquisite and wise" —
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heav'n a burning shame,
What does she next, but bids on earth
Her *Burlington* do just the same?

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one, that bears
The name of *Savile* and of *Boyle*.

Alas! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam! see, the arts o'erthrown
Between *John Overton* and you.

* On

* On a certain lady at court.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon,
(Envy, be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour;
Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly;
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

“Has she no faults then, (envy says) Sir?”
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

To Doctor DELANY,

On the Libels written against him.

AS some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound:
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.

An

Begin the world with fear and shame:
When first in print, you see him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains.
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

Though splendor gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, * *in yourself when smooth and round,*
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said, the Gods try'd all their art,
How *pain* they might from *pleasure* part;
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
Thus *fame* and *censure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd?
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?

'Tis

* In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.

As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find :
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds ;
For ev'ry coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they ;
Like females o'er their morning tea.

You say, the muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard :
But raise your fancy on the wing ;
The *Irish senate's* praises sing ;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em ;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views ;
Make all true patriots up to shoe-boys
Huzza their brethren at the *Blue-boys** ;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the name of *Grub*.

How oft am I for rhyme to seek !
To dress a thought I toil a week :
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown !
Whilst ev'ry critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.

Would

* The *Irish* parliament sat at the *Blue-boys* hospital, while the new parliament-house was building.

The rogues must die for want and spite,
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How chearfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unfold upon the printer's lines.

A *genius* in the rev'rend gown
Must ever keep its owner down:
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes;
Point out the surest men to rise:
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Will sooner coin a thousand lyes
Than suffer men of parts to rise:
They croud about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight.
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers*.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reason, grammar, truth, or sense?

For,

She ne'er inspires again conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt :
By party steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you *England's* pri-
mate :

First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull ;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.

When *Jove* was from his teeming head
Of wit's fair goddess brought to-bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a *Sooterkin* ;
Which, as the nurse pursu'd to kill,
Attain'd by flight the muses hill ;
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at *Parnassus'* foot.
From hence the critic vermin sprung
With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame nature, as the learned shew,
Provides each animal its foe :
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks :
Thus envy pleads a nat'ral claim
To persecute the muses fame ;
On poets in all times abusive,
From *Homer* down to *Pope* inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain ?
You try to take revenge in vain,

A rat

That your armor rage denies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies :
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite ?
Shew me the same numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday :
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the *Grub-street* poets nest ;
What spunging-house in dread of jail
Receives them, while they wait for bail ;
What alley they are nestled in
To flourish o'er a cup of gin :
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar, where they starve to-day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict ?
Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt ?
These they have often try'd before ;
You but oblige 'em so much more :
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you so ?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies ?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise :
And praise bestow'd in *Grub-street* rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.

P

Or

I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

O N D R E A M S.

An Imitation of Petronius.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus um-
bris, &c.

THOSE dreams, that on the silent night
intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds de-
lude,

Jove never sends us downward from the skies ;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise ;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburthen'd sports in various
whims ;

The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he
spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.

With

The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
Nor less Tom-t—d-man of true statesman
mold

Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer fees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's
pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.

The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead mens shoes.

The grave divine with knotty points per-
plext,

As if he was awake, nods o'er his text :

While the fly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise :
And *Dick* the scavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in ———'s face.

TO STELLA.

Visiting me in my sickness, *October*
1727.

PALLAS, observing *Stella's* wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty soon or late
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fixt *honour* in her infant mind.

But, (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.

Those num'rous virtues, which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no diff'rence in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.

But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,

Or

Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at *picquet* ;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an assignation ;
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears ;
Let *Stella*'s fair example preach
A lesson, she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd
All passions must be laid aside :
Ask no advice, but think alone ;
Suppose the question not your own :
How shall I act ? is not the case ;
But how would *Brutus* in my place ?
In such a case would *Cato* bleed ?
And how would *Socrates* proceed ?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to human-kind ;
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
And factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flatt'ry tipt with nauseous flier,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall *Stella* rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word :
The world shall in its atoms end,
E're *Stella* can deceive a friend ;
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best :

What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind !
Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate.

She thinks, that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confin'd :
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn ?
She wonders where the charm appears
In *Florimel's* affected fears ;
For *Stella* never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start ;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amaz'd, from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense ;
Which, tho' her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud ;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through ev'ry motion steals.

Say, *Stella*, was *Prometheus* blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind ?
No ; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire, that forms a manly soul ;
Then, to complete it ev'ry way,
He moulded it with female clay :
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.

How would ingratitude delight,
And how would censure glut her spight,

If

If I should *Stella's* kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride?
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd ev'ry pow'r to ease my pains,
Then *Stella* ran to my relief
With chearful face, and inward grief;
And, though by heav'n's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employ'd for daily hire
What *Stella*, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes:
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught:
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends, beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an house decay'd.

VERSI

V E R S E S

ON THE

DEATH OF DR. SWIFT,

Occasioned by reading the following
maxim in ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Written in Nov. 1731.

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous
trouvons toujours quelque choses, qui ne nous
deplaist pas.*

In the adversity of our best friends we al-
ways find something that doth not dis-
please us.

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
“ In all distresses of our friends
“ We first consult our private ends;
“ While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some circumstance to please us.”

If

§
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

IFT,
Following
ULT.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.
I love my friend as well as you :
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post :
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won ;
Rather than thus be overtopped,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt ?
Dear honest *Ned* is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
How patiently you hear him groan !
How glad, the case is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he ?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell ?

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses :
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station ;
'Tis all on me an usurpation.

If
I h

In *Pope* I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine :
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in fix,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbutnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
St. John *, as well as *Pulteney* †, knows
That I had some repute for prose ;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside ;
If with such talents heav'n hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes, dear fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend :
I tamely can endure the first ;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When, I foresee my special friends
Will try to find their private ends : And,

* Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*.

† *William Pulteney*, esq; now earl of *Bath*.

gher,
And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor Gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he din'd;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy, we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round:
There must another set be found.

d
For poetry he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen; —
But there's no talking to some men.

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the second.

And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail :
Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
But now he's quite another thing :
I wish he may hold out till spring.
They hug themselves, and reason thus ;
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, " Worse and worse !")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd ! the dean is well.
Then he, who prophesy'd the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest :
" You know I always fear'd the worst,
" And often told you so at first."
He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells, I shall recover ;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain ;
How many a message would he send ?
What hearty prayers, that I should mend ?
Inquire what regimen I kept ;
What gave me ease, and how I slept ?

And

And more lament when I was dead,
Then all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the dean? he's just alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes—The dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town has run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he dy'd.
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood?

Now *Grubstreet* wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
To *curse* the *dean*, or *bless* the *drapier*.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
We must confess his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years:

That all his vital parts were found.
 From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
 'Tis told at court, the dean is dead.
 And lady *Suffolk* * in the spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell **
 ** so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should."

" * * * * *
 " * * * * *
 " * * * * *
 " * * * * *
 " * * * * *
 " * * * * *

Now *Chartres* †, at sir *Robert's* ‡ levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
 Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
 (Cries *Bob*) I'm sorry for the news:
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend § *Will*!
 Or had a mitre on his head,
 Provided *Bolingbroke* was dead!

Now *Curl* || his shop from rubbish drains:
 Three genuine tomes of *Swift's* remains!
 And

* Mrs. *Howard*, then countess of *Suffolk*, and of the bedchamber to the late queen.

† Colonel *Francis Chartres*, whose character may be seen in an epitaph written by Dr. *Arbutnot*, p. 231.

‡ Sir *Robert Walpole*, then first minister of state, afterwards earl of *Orford*.

§ *William Pulteney*, esq; since earl of *Batb*.

|| An infamous bookseller, who published things in the dean's name, which he never wrote.

And then, to make them pals the glibber,
Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.
He'll treat me, as he does my betters,
* Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which *Pope* must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*
A week, and *Arbutnot* a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
“ I'm sorry—but we all must die !”

Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guise
All fortitude of mind supplies :
For how can stony bowels melt
In those, who never pity felt ?
When we were lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools my juniors by a year
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps :
“ The dean is dead (pray, what is trumps

Q 2

“ The

* For some of these practices he was brought before the house of lords.

“ (Ladies, I’ll venture for the vole.)
 “ Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.
 “ (I wish I knew what king to call.)
 “ Madam, your husband will attend
 “ The fun’ral of so good a friend :
 “ No, madam, ’tis a shocking sight ;
 “ And he’s engag’d to-morrow night :
 “ My lady *Club* will take it ill,
 “ If he should fail her at quadrille.
 “ He lov’d the dean—(I lead a heart)
 “ But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 “ His time was come ; he ran his race ;
 “ We hope he’s in a better place.”

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past ; a diff’rent scene !
 No farther mention of the dean,
 Who now, alas ! is no more mist,
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where’s now the fav’rite of *Apollo* ?
 Departed :—*and his works must follow,*
 Must undergo the common fate ;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country ’squire to *Lintot* * goes,
 Inquires for *Swift* in verse and prose.
 Says *Lintot*, “ I have heard the name ;
 “ He dy’d a year ago.” The same.
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 “ Sir, you may find them in *Duck-lane* † :
 I sent

* *Bernard Lintot*, a bookseller. See *Pope’s Dunciad* and letters.

† A place where old books are sold.

" I lent them, with a load of books,
 " Last *Monday* to the pastry-cook's.
 " To fancy, they could live a year!
 " I find, you're but a stranger here.
 " The dean was famous in his time,
 " And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 " His way of writing now is past:
 " The town has got a better taste.
 " I keep no antiquated stuff;
 " But spick and span I have enough.
 " Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em
 " Here's *Colley Cibber's* birth-day poem.
 " This ode you never yet have seen
 " By *Stephen Duck* upon the queen.
 " Then here's a letter finely penn'd
 " Against the *Craftsman* and his friend:
 " It clearly shews, that all reflection
 " On ministers is disaffection.
 " Next, here's fir *Robert's* vindication,
 " And mr. *Henley's* * last oration.
 " The hawkers have not got them yet:
 " Your honour please to have a set?"

Suppose me dead; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the *Rose*;
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.

The dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill-receiv'd at court.
 Although ironically grave,
 He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.

* Commonly called orator *Henley*, whose rhymes
 dies burlesque religion, and disgrace his country.

“ He was a most *confounded tory*,
“ And grew, or he is much bely’d,
“ Extremely *dull*, before he dy’d.”

Can we the *Drapier* then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?

’Twas he that writ the *Drapier’s letters*!

“ He should have left them for his *bettters*;
“ We had a hundred *abler men*,
“ Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.——
“ Say what you will about his *reading*,
“ You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
“ Who, in his *satires* running riot,
“ Could never leave the *world* in quiet;
“ Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
“ *Court, city, camp*,—all one to him.——

“ But why would he, except he *slobber’d*,
“ Offend our *patriot*, great sir Robert,
“ Whose *counsels* aid the sov’reign pow’r
“ To *save* the *nation* ev’ry hour?
“ What *scenes* of evil he unravels
“ In *satires, libels, lying travels*!
“ Not sparing his own *clergy-cloth*,
“ But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!”

Perhaps I may allow, the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem’d determin’d not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Vice, if it e’er can be abash’d,
Must be or *ridicul’d* or *lash’d*.
If you *re-ent* it, who’s to blame?
He neither knew you, nor your name:

should

Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower.
He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and chuse
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing *Chartres*.

He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd *David*'s lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly sower,
Provoke him with a slave in power.

“ Alas, poor *dean*! his only scope
“ Was to be held a *misanthrope*.
“ This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
“ Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him*.
“ His *zeal* was not to lash our crimes,
“ But *discontent* against the times:
“ For, had we made him *timely* offers
“ To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
“ Perhaps he might have truckled down,
“ Like other *brethren* of his gown.
“ For *party* he would scarce have bled:
“ I say no more,—because he's *dead*.——

“ What *writings* has he left behind?—
I hear, they’re of a diff’rent kind :
A few in *verse* ; but most in prose—
“ Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose :—
“ All scribbled in the *worst of times*,
“ To *palliate* his friend *Oxford’s* crimes,
“ To praise queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
“ As never fav’ring the *pretender* :—
“ Or *libels* yet conceal’d from sight,
“ Against the *court* to shew his *spight* :—
“ Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third* ;
“ A *lye* at ev’ry *second* word—
“ Offensive to a *loyal* ear :—
“ But—not *one sermon*, you may swear.—

As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought ’em ;
But this I know, all people bought ’em,
As with a moral view design’d,
To *please*, and to *reform* mankind :
And, if he often miss’d his aim,
The *world* must own it, to their *shame*,
The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ;
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
And, since you *dread* no farther *lashes*,
Methinks you may *forgive* his *ashes*.

F I N I S.

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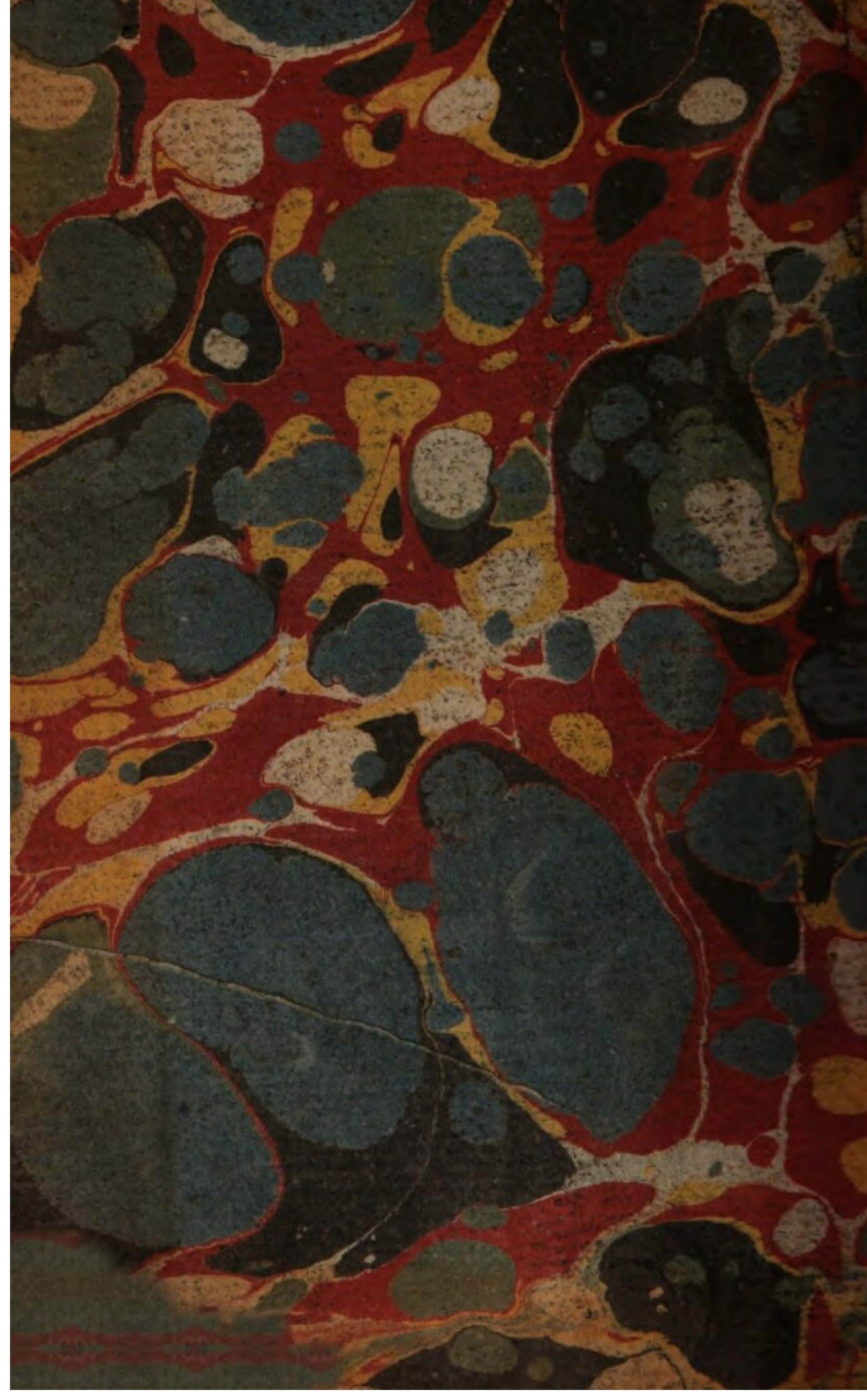
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Swift, Jonathan, 1667-1745

The works of Jonathan Swift

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